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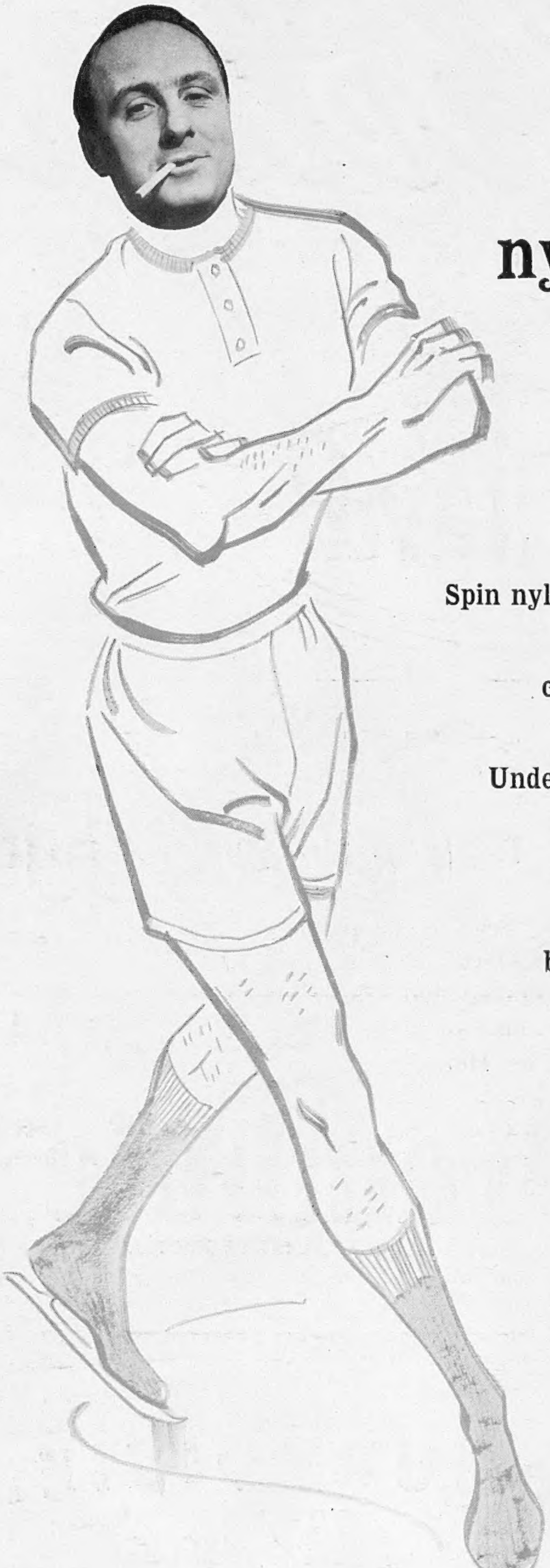

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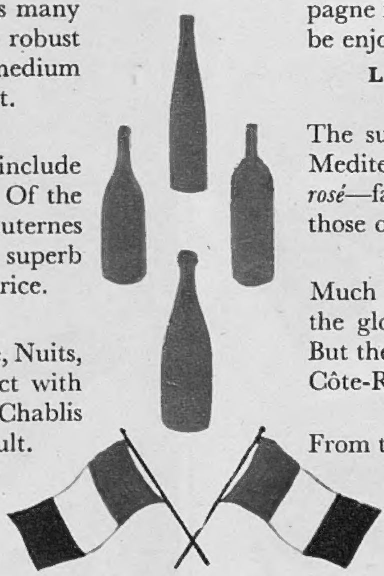

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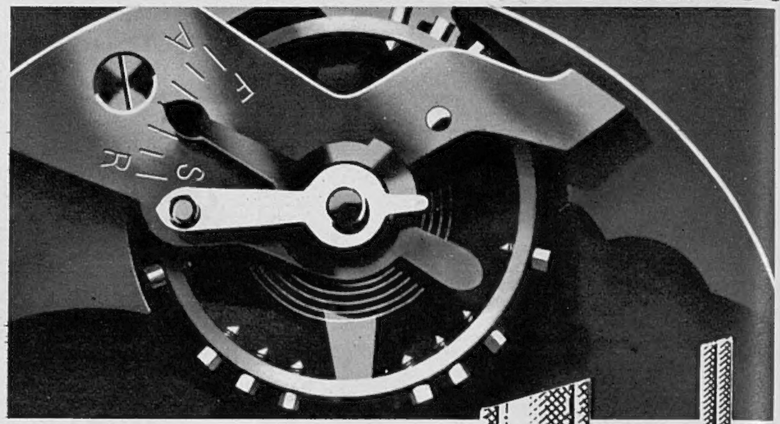

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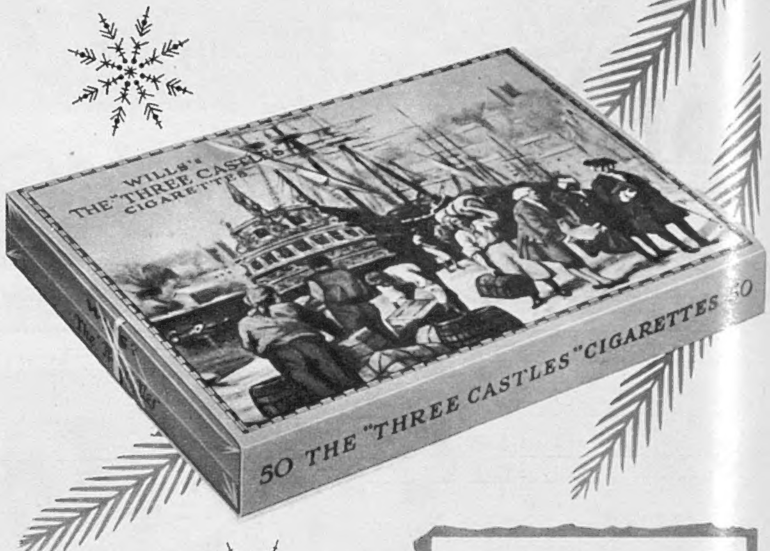

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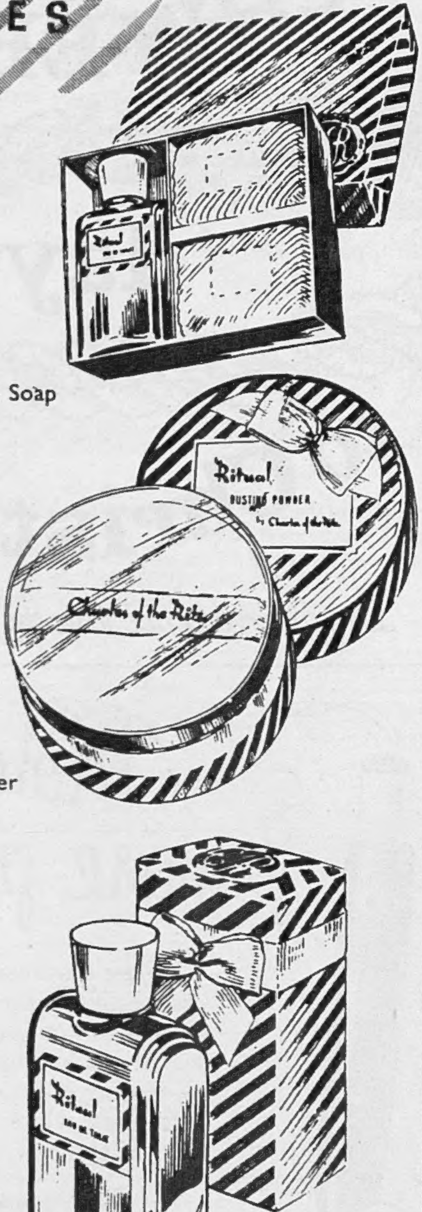

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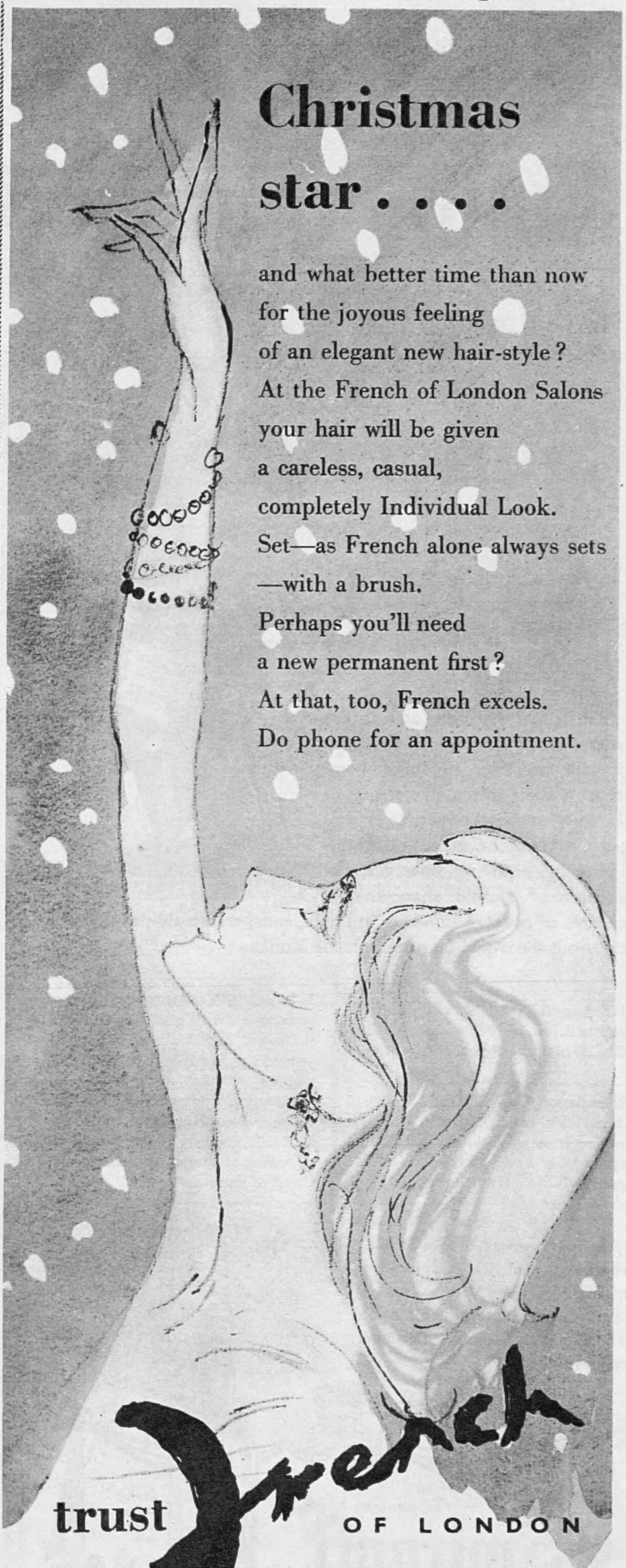

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The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*

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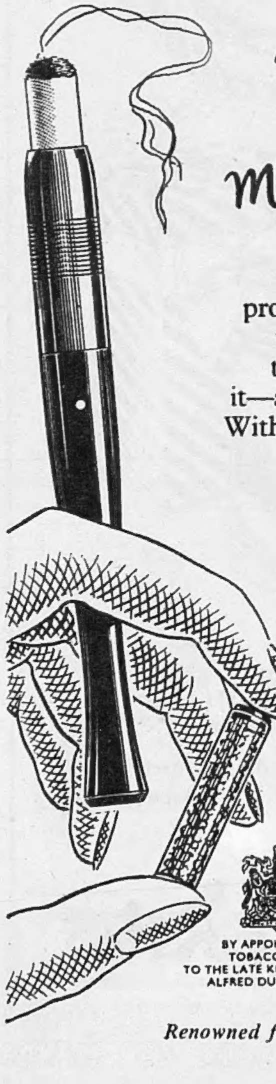

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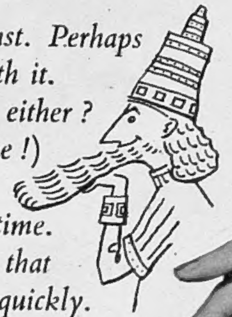

The ancients knew the magic of yeast. Perhaps the Assyrians crimped their beards with it. Who knows? Who cares, either? Now, at any rate, Raymond (no ancient, he!) waves your hair with it; and in half the usual time. There's no hair so difficult that a Yeast Perm won't "take"—and quickly. For there's life in yeast; it puts life into your hair. Feeds it. Strengthens it. Beautifies it. Glorifies it. How soon?

Raymond

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1954.
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PIETRO ANNIGONI'S PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

A REPRODUCTION of the newly-completed portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Pietro Annigoni. An interesting feature of the portrait is that, although the landscape background sprang from the imagination of the artist, in fact it bears a strong resemblance to a piece of country near Chatsworth. The Duchess is one of the loveliest of our younger peeresses. She married the Duke in 1941, and they have two children, the Marquis of Hartington, who was born in 1944, and a daughter, Lady Emma Cavendish, who is a year older. Pietro Annigoni is now engaged on a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen.

YEARNING FOR THE SNOW : Snow in London turns to slush ; the City is no place for a White Christmas. But at this season, the thoughts of many of us turn to Christmases we have known in the country, where snow can still lie about the fields in a white blanket, marked only by cattle or the prints of adventurous boys. This painting, *Sheep Tracks in the Snow*, may be seen at the Coombs and Percival Gallery of 43-44, Albemarle Street. The artist, Mr. Meredith Williams, lives in Devonshire, which has some of the most lovely countryside in England, whatever the weather.

OUR MOTLEY NOTES

By TOBY O'BRIEN

AT this season of good cheer, jollity and, quote, "goodwill," unquote, may I wish all our readers, both at home and overseas (particularly those whose quickness on the ball in regard to misquotations, wrong dates, or errors of facts flatteringly seems to show that they must read every line !) a very happy Christmas.

I am sorry about the quotation marks round the "goodwill." Alas ! a definite Scrooge side to his character is being brought out in your columnist. It is largely due to Eva, my admirable cook-housekeeper, whose doings and sayings have often been chronicled here. For ten years Eva has been a well-loved member of the family, its guide, philosopher and friend—and my briefing officer if ever I had to meet an actor, a film star or a popular novelist. Now Saki's famous words : "The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go she went" are running sadly in my head.

A day or two ago I was down at a War Office establishment on the edge of Salisbury Plain (of which more in our next), when the Adjutant interrupted our meeting to say, "Excuse me, Sir, but could you telephone your wife. She says there 's been a disaster." Visions of a burnt-down house and the loss of a half-platoon or so of children flashed through my mind. The facts were almost worse. Eva is stage and television struck. Some time ago, after an agreeable lunch, I had got her Mr. Bernard Braden's autograph. My wife's news was that Eva—attracted by more gold than I could afford, a kitchen of transatlantic modernity, and a more modern television set—had given us a fortnight's notice, to go to Bernard and his wife, Barbara Kelly. This meant her departure the day after the holidays began and a week before Christmas !

After ten years of such a happy relationship it was perhaps a bit odd of Eva—but then, I have long ago ceased to be surprised at the things that even the nicest of our fellow human beings will do. Whether the happy uninhibited laughter of Barbara Kelly, till now a pin-up of mine, will ring so sweetly in my ears as I watch "What 's My Line ?" in future is another matter ! Anyhow, good luck and a happy Christmas to them all (though, if any little Bob Cratchits should happen to hear a snarl escaping from Uncle Toby Scrooge around about Christmas Eve, he must forgive the poor old curmudgeon !).

ONLY one class of Briton nowadays has the privilege of being comparatively free of servant troubles—our diplomats abroad. One of these days I want to write a book about British Embassy butlers—to match that delightful book of Bea Howe's

on British governesses. I don't know how they are recruited. Most seem, like Topsy, to have just growed.

The most notable of my experience—and alas! I should have to look through a lot of old papers to recall the name—was the butler at the Embassy in Teheran. He had then—in 1943—been there twenty-five years and if I remember rightly was a left-over from one of the odd independent British forces operating against the Russians at the end of World War I. He was a most remarkable man. He ran the Embassy. He was a walking compendium of wisdom and Wisden (for he was fully up-to-date on anything to do with cricket), and I believe I owe my recovery from a quite serious illness which landed me in bed under Sir Reader Bullard's hospitable roof as much to his nursing as to the nostrums (or should it be nostra?) of the Embassy doctor.

STILL, if our diplomats are happy in their butlers, they suffer from the inevitable transfers which their service demands. Take, for instance, the case of Michael Wright, our Ambassador in Norway, now promoted to the important post of Ambassador in Baghdad. Oslo is a charming little city, whereas Baghdad!! Haroun-al-Raschid, my foot! Of all the nasty, stinking fly-blown places in the world, commend me this city of Eastern Romance. Moreover, Michael, like his lovely wife, Esther, has always been a keen and expert skier. In Oslo he was perfectly placed, with ski-ing for at least five months of the year, and indeed carried out a large part of his diplomatic duties on ski-ing expeditions with the Foreign Secretary. I believe he would have been perfectly happy to have spent the rest of his career in the foreign service tucked away in Oslo, and must have viewed his promotion to Baghdad—now a key centre in the Middle East—with mixed feelings. For although Baghdad can be infernally cold in the winter—the late Sir Bernard Bourdillon, when he was High Commissioner, once actually succeeded in getting frost-bitten on the roof of the Embassy—nothing could be flatter, and the nearest skiable snow is several hundred miles away in the Lebanon.

THESE changes and chances are, of course, the curse of life in any Service. There is at the moment a very disconsolate Guardsman in London. His officer has been ordered abroad, and he has to go with him. This means the end of a most attractive "perk." For Guardsman Blank has been earning 8s. a night for the last few years in walking-on parts at Covent Garden.

I believe that this privilege, which is allowed to Guardsmen, dates from the reign of Queen Victoria. On one occasion the Queen and the Prince Consort went to the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, and the Queen was so exasperated by the spectacle of fat-kneed "soldiers" slopping about in the background of some production that she said: "My Guardsmen could do better than that." Ever since then a certain number of Guardsmen have been detailed by London District to take on this pleasant task.

Perhaps on the whole it is a good thing that Guardsman Blank is being transferred. For their rôle is strictly one of looking impressive and behaving in a smart and soldierlike manner. They are not encouraged—indeed, forbidden—to join in the choruses. Guardsman Blank has, however, I am told, acquired a leaning towards the arts. He has been getting ideas, as Terry Rattigan put it, "*au dessous de sa gare*" artistically. On several occasions recently he has been seen to open his mouth in a menacing manner.

"SKETCH" CLERIHEWS

Graham Sutherland

Graham Sutherland
Sent up the temperature in his Motherland
By depicting her greatest son
Looking as though World War III. had begun!

"Fogz."

THAT was a pleasant little farewell party before he returns to the Far East given by Johnnie Campbell at the Guards Club. Johnnie, incidentally, added a footnote to my recent paragraph about the Thursday Dinner Club, founded in the early days of the war by Berkeley Gage, now our Ambassador in Bangkok.

Berkeley has revived the club in Bangkok, which holds its meetings in what he calls the "Berkeley Arms," a pleasant room in the Embassy which he has had air-conditioned. Incidentally, Johnnie tells me that in Berkeley's Embassy there is the last old-fashioned "punkah" of any size to be found in the Far East—and it is still used when big lunch or dinner parties are held.

When I was a child in India, every room had its "punkah," which was kept in motion by a "punkah wallah"—a gentleman who reclined outside on the verandah and operated the "punkah" rope, which was attached to his big toe. In the night, in the hot weather, one's sleep depended on the degree of somnolence of the "punkah wallah." If he thought that you were fast asleep, he would doze off too. Then one would wake up in appalling heat, let out a yell, whereupon the "punkah wallah" woke up and hastily began to agitate his toe again. Nowadays, however, with electric fans and air conditioning, "punkahs" are out-of-date, but I was interested to hear that there still exists a notable example of this, the most effective way of stirring up the tepid air of Eastern countries.

AT the Old Stoic Dinner, the Headmaster announced that Stowe has been scheduled as an ancient monument, and that the many eighteenth-century temples which have been falling into disrepair are going to be repaired by Mr. Nigel Birch's department. I was delighted to hear that this was largely due to the attention drawn by *The Sketch* and its sister publication, *The Illustrated London News*, to the fate which threatened them.

When Kent and Vanbrugh laid out the grounds for Lord Cobham in the middle of the eighteenth century, they so designed the landscape garden that from any one temple, monument, obelisk, Dido's Cave, or what have you, you could see four others. Now, of course, the trees planted in the eighteenth century have grown up, and this is not always any longer possible.

It must have been fun being an immensely wealthy Whig lord in the eighteenth century. Cobham built a charming Temple of Ancient Virtue. He also (and this annoyed Horace Walpole, who did not, as he said, like "architectural satires") built a Temple of Modern Virtue—in ruins! This lent point to a nice passage in the speech of the Headmaster, Mr. E. V. Reynolds. He said that while it was gratifying to feel that the temples were saved for the future, there were strings attached, *i.e.*, that on certain days the school and the grounds should be open to the public. Already two members of the public had taken advantage of this. He was walking along the South Front, during school, when two charming old ladies in lavender and lace came up to him and said: "Could you direct us, please, to the Temple of Easy Virtue?"

A guard of honour, composed of four men from each regiment which took part in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade, was drawn up to greet the Royal guests as they entered the ballroom. The Queen is escorted by Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the 8th Hussars.

The Queen dancing with Major-General Joh jacket worn by the Earl of Cardigan whe To the left of her Majesty is the Duk

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and the Duke of Edinburgh entering the ballroom.

A happy picture of the Queen Mother dancing with Major-General John Combe.

...ombe, who wore the actual tunic and slung ...mmanding the Charge of the Light Brigade. ... Edinburgh dancing with Mrs. Charles Wainman.

Royal Guests at the Balaclava Ball

LIGHTS from the gilt-and-crystal chandeliers in the ballroom of the Hyde Park Hotel gleamed on the colourful uniforms, beautiful jewels and lovely dresses worn by the guests at the Balaclava Ball. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the 8th Hussars, and the Queen Mother were at the Ball, which was held to celebrate the centenary of the Charge of the Light Brigade. On arrival, the Royal party was received by the Colonels of the five regiments and their wives—Lieut.-Colonel S. T. Eve, the Commanding Officer of the 4th Hussars (who was deputising for the Prime Minister) and Mrs. Eve ; Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, 8th Hussars, and Lady Baldwin ; Major-General John Combe, 11th Hussars, and Mrs. Combe ; Major-General C. H. Miller, 13th/18th Hussars, and Mrs. Miller, and Major-General R. B. B. Cooke (who was deputising for Lieut.-General R. Hull), 17th/21st Lancers, and Mrs. Cooke. Also present were Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Wainman. Officers from the above regiments and the six affiliated regiments, The Sherwood Rangers, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, Yorkshire Hussars, Shropshire Yeomanry, the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and the Northamptonshire Yeomanry were among the guests at the Ball, an account of which appears in the Social Diary.

The Queen danced frequently throughout the evening. Her partner here is Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin.

OUR BOOKSHELF

Some Titles for the Christmas Gift List

SIMPLE CUSTOM CHEERFULLY ILLUSTRATED. By Iain Moncreiffe and Don Pottinger. (*Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.*; 10s. 6d.)

VERNEY ABROAD. By John Verney. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)

THE SMALLEST ROOM. By John Pudney. (*Michael Joseph*; 10s. 6d.)

Reviewed by G. B. STERN

DECEMBER 15th, and, though the Three Kings would still have had twenty-two days to settle on gold, frankincense and myrrh for their gifts, we by our calendar have only ten before Christmas. Here then are three books that are light-hearted without being facetious. *Simple Custom* is a drastic satirical commentary on our inherited behaviour at all the important occasions of our lives that in our indolent acquiescence we are inclined to take for granted. Yet it has a superficial appearance of being entirely flippant, with its gay, funny little picture on the cover and gay, funny little coloured pictures running down the pages. As a concession to literature we glance at the text . . . and the effect is as disconcerting as when we discover that our friend's deliciously pretty young wife actually has *brains*! Iain Moncreiffe's preface ends with the modest claim "*that this conventional context in which we live seemed to us to merit examination.*" Sociology without tears; a nonsense book so very far removed from mere nonsense, that our delighted thanks are due to author and artist alike.

PERHAPS the best sad stories are paradoxically based on the underlying humour inherent in most of the human race. Take *Verney Abroad*, for instance—there is hardly a "funny" line detachable as such from any page of these wistful reminiscences; yet over and over again my laughter broke forth uncontrollably.

As an unsophisticated young man travelling abroad, his sufferings were poignant—though again irresistibly funny in the aftermath. For instance, staying in Vienna, he was once invited to tea at the British Embassy, and consulted a knowing colleague on the correct wear and etiquette; to be informed, among other fantasies, that on arrival and on departure and at least once during tea itself he must contrive to kiss the Ambassador's wife's finger-tips—"that is strictly protocol." . . . The British Ambassador's wife was greatly surprised.

Things Past in the Abruzzi I would select as the most moving from Mr. Verney's *recherches du temps perdu*; a story of hair-breadth escape in 1943, when he and two friends were prisoners of war with the Italians and owed their lives to a peasant who, despite appalling risk to himself, took charge of them—"*for no reason except that basic human kindness which the poor seem always to show to each other*"; many years later, Mr. Verney replies to a tempting offer from a film company requiring certain changes "*to give sex interest*" to his adventures:

> "*For money, enough money, I will gladly change two eminent Guards officers into anything you like to name . . . but Sinibaldo Amatangelo stays as Sinibaldo Amatangelo and that's final.*"

Peace hath her victories . . .

WHAT is charm? (A purely rhetorical question!) Charm can never be bogus; it can never be facetious; especially with the subject chosen by Mr. John Pudney for his book *The Smallest Room*; one snigger must have made it instantly unacceptable. For with real charm and scholarship, it discourses simply and amiably of the water-closet. A recent need to add a lean-to structure to his own house, and the sapient comments of Mr. Fleet, the plumber, and of Fred, the mason, gradually inspired him to this cosmic survey of the mysterious taboos which have gradually clustered round an apartment so essential to all mankind; presenting his material with an amused perplexity for those who must still boggle and clear their throats and employ silly euphemisms. Agreeing with him entirely, we make a loving exception, however, of Fred as he moves towards the laurels "*with the incredible statement that he felt he could pick a daisy*," and of Mr. Fleet who spoke so optimistically of going to "*powder his nose*"; the same Mr. Fleet who truly says of lingering in water-closets: "*them as has two can afford to be highfalutin' and read Shakespeare.*"

Its English inventor, Sir John Harrington, poet and man of letters, mentioned by the first Queen Elizabeth as "*that witty fellow, my Godson*," has appeared for an interview on Television, in the Inventors programme, Elizabethan version; proof enough that we may at last be rid of all this tiresome prudery and evasion: "Would you care to wash your hands?" "Have you been shown the geography of the house?" The nation of Clochemerle is not so inhibited; an accommodating gendarme replies to a visitor's hesitant question, with a wide gesture and: "*Mais, monsieur, vous avez toute la France.*"

Impossible to catalogue all the items of fascinating information which reward us as we browse through *The Smallest Room* until by the time we reach the chapter pleasantly entitled *Royal Flush*, we have passed beyond surprise, even when we learn how three inhibited fishermen were cured and thereafter "*never went to sea without a green turf in their boat, which proved effectual*"; or that the oldest water-closet in human achievement was discovered in the Minoan Palace at Knossos, in Crete, and a very stylish affair too, comparing favourably with the conveniences lately provided at Westminster Abbey during the Coronation, though not quite up to the standard of the Emperor Vespasian who did himself proud in "*fair polished marble.*"

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

Y for Yuletide

(*Christmas Flood*)

RECOMMENDED

TEN NOVELS AND THEIR AUTHORS. By W. Somerset Maugham. (*William Heinemann*; 21s.)

THE BULLS OF PARRAL. By Marguerite Steen. (*Collins*; 15s.)

CHESHIRE, V.C. By Russell Braddon. (*Evans*; 12s. 6d.)

A SUMMER NIGHT. By Alan Moorehead. (*Hamish Hamilton*; 10s. 6d.)

LITTLE AND ORPHAN. By Bernard Hesling. (*Constable and Co. Ltd.*; 12s. 6d.)

THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP. By Richard Haydn and Ronald Searle. (*Hamish Hamilton*; 12s. 6d.)

VOYAGERS IN ASPIC. By John Gillies. (*Collins*; 10s. 6d.)

THE CORRUPTION OF A POET. By Kenneth Hopkins. (*James Barrie*; 15s.)

VISCOUNT SOUTHWOOD. By R. J. Minney. (*Odhams Press*; 21s.)

THE SADLER'S WELLS OPERA. By Michael Stapleton. (*A. and C. Black Ltd.*; 10s. 6d.)

O, RARE AMANDA! By Jack Loudan. (*Chatto and Windus*; 15s.)

THE MAIL BOAT. By Alexander Randolph. (*William Heinemann*; 7s. 6d.)

THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER. By Bryher. (*Collins*; 10s. 6d.)

GRIN AND BEAR IT. By Joan Stanton. (*Centaur Press Ltd.*; 3s. 6d.)

Photograph by Yevonde.

MRS. FRANK MORE O'FERRALL

THE very pretty wife of Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall was formerly Miss Angela Jackson, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Jackson. Her husband, whom she married in 1947, is Director of the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency, and they have two young daughters, Susan, aged six, and Teresa, who is four. Mrs. More O'Ferrall's younger sister Elizabeth married Viscount Cowdray in 1953.

Towards the close of Act One. Pandarus (Peter Pears) draws Cressida (Magda Laszlo) to one side so as to avoid notice, while, on the steps, Troilus (Richard Lewis) tells the people of Troy that their high-priest, Cressida's father, Calkas, has disappeared from the temple.

Calkas (Frederick Dalberg), the High Priest, warns the people of Troy that no good will come of the war. He advises a parley with the Greeks.

Cressida has been invited to dine at the house of her uncle, Pandarus. The weather is stormy. He suggests that she should stay the night.

The lovers, Troilus (Richard Lewis) and Cressida (Magda Laszlo).

The Greek Camp. Troilus, Diomede (Otakar Kraus) and Pandarus.

Troilus and Cressida

AN APPRECIATION by CHARLES STUART

THERE was the tingle of history in the air when the curtain came down at the Royal Opera House on Sir William Walton's and Christopher Hassall's new opera, *Troilus and Cressida*. There were cheers for everybody, including Sir Malcolm Sargent, who had conducted the *première* with such fire and aplomb that he might have spent his entire career instead of only moments of it in the opera house; but the cheers for Walton were, so to say, italicised, properly so. In this his first opera, he achieves something which many of us had begun to fear would never come to pass. He has written a richly tuneful piece, chockful of musical feeling and beauty, which should give pleasure to many people—perhaps most—who normally think of opera in terms of Gounod, Bizet and Puccini. The "progressives" are likely to turn up their noses at it. The rest of us need not feel hangdog on that account.

It is true that it notoriously takes time for tunes to sink in—even love tunes as shapely as those sung by Magda Laszlo, the superbly handsome Cressida, and Richard Lewis, the strapping, well-voiced Troilus. At the dress rehearsal I heard one old Covent Garden regular say to another, "Where are all those tunes Willie's friends are talking about?" After hearing the opera twice and spending much time at my piano with the vocal score, I have no hesitation in replying that they are to be found on every other page. Many of them are tunes of the charming sort that come floating back into your head unexpectedly a week after the show when you are doing something utterly irrelevant, such as taking your bath or parking your car or dictating a letter to your income tax inspector about wear-and-tear claims.

In an opera which aims at the wider public, tunes are two-thirds of the battle. Yet Mr. Hassall's share is not to be underrated. To Geoffrey Chaucer's poetic narrative he has fitted a new climax. Duped and bullied into accepting the advances of Prince Diomede (powerfully sung by Otakar Kraus), Cressida returns to Troilus, her true love, in the last act and immolates herself on his sword after he has been stabbed in the back by a Trojan traitor. This is a first-class scheme. It works well but is capable of improvement. Characters in grand opera are always fonder of meditating on their predicaments than of doing something about them. Even when allowance is made for this generic foible, the monologues of Cressida, and to some extent of Calkas, her thoroughly unpleasant father, do tend to go on and on. The closing scene, where Cressida is supposed to be harried to her suicide by licentious soldiery, misfires woefully.

One brilliant aspect of a spectacle otherwise cogently produced (by George Devine), handsomely designed (by Sir Hugh Casson) and aptly costumed (by Malcolm Pride) is the acting and singing of Peter Pears as Pandarus. One day I shall be telling my grandchildren about the miraculous excellence of this. They are not likely to believe me.

Peter Pears as Pandarus.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Our Social Diary

THE day of the State Opening of Parliament, with its centuries-old traditions and spectacle of pageantry, was made particularly memorable this year, coinciding, as it did, with the birthday presentation ceremonies of the greatest Statesman and Parliamentarian of our time. Once again I was a privileged spectator in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords of the time-honoured and ceremonial procession of the Sovereign.

It is a spectacle of which I never tire. Beforehand, there is much of interest to see, and on this occasion the impressive entrance of the new Lord High Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, was watched with interest. Earlier, the Queen's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard had taken up their positions on either side of the Gallery, and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the white plumes of their burnished helmets fluttering in the slight breeze from the open doors, moved in stately procession on their way to the Prince's Chamber. Princess Margaret, wearing a beautifully-cut dress of gleaming white satin, walked through to the Chamber, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone.

With the departure of Black Rod to summon the Speaker and Members of the House of Commons, the procession then formed—the Heralds, gorgeous in their brightly-coloured dress, were at the head, followed by the Equerries and Gentlemen of the Royal Household. Then came the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk; the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquess of Cholmondeley; Viscount Woolton, bearing the Sword of State, and the Marquess of Salisbury, carrying the Cap of Maintenance. Two trumpeters heralded the entrance of Her Majesty the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh, and the procession moved slowly through the Gallery, an unforgettable scene, rich in pageantry and colour. The Queen, wearing the State Imperial Crown, looked very lovely in a white chiffon dress, the panels of the skirt heavily embroidered with silver. Her train of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine, was carried by two pages, the Hon. Antony Tryon and Edward Adeane. Two of Her Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Rose Baring and the Countess of Euston, walked on either side of the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess Dowager of Devonshire.

Among the spectators in the Gallery were the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Tweedsmuir, and just in front of me was the Earl of Euston with his young son, Viscount Ipswich. Others I saw included Lady Pamela Berry, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Harrison, Mrs. Spencer Summers, whose husband is Conservative Member for Aylesbury, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Crowder, looking very pretty in black, Lady Lowson, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Cecil, and Mr. Mordaunt Pemberton.

Afterwards in the Great Hall at Westminster, which has been the scene of so many events in our history, Sir Winston Churchill, accompanied by Lady Churchill and members of his family, was presented with his birthday gifts from both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Attlee presented the portrait by Graham Sutherland, and Mr. Grenfell, the "Father" of the House of Commons, gave him an illuminated book, signed by almost every Member. At a later ceremony, Sir Winston received the gift of two silver jugs from past and present Conservative Members of both Houses. These were originally the property of General Charles Churchill, a brother of the great Duke of Marlborough, and were presented to Sir Winston by Sir Anthony Eden in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords.

THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh acknowledge the cheers of the crowds at Westminster on their return journey in the Irish coach to Buckingham Palace.

Balaclava Ball

THE QUEEN, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother were the guests of honour at the ball held at the Hyde Park Hotel to celebrate the centenary of the Charge of the Light Brigade. It was a brilliant occasion, and a sense of past history was enhanced by the richness and colours of the uniforms of the officers, many of whom were in full dress. Deep red roses and carnations, mixed with pale pink chrysanthemums, decorated the white and gold ballroom, lit with gilt and crystal chandeliers. Shaded pink cyclamen surrounded the band, behind whom hung a shield of deep green laurel leaves, edged with silver fronds, with the regimental crest of the 8th Hussars in silver in the centre. Similar shields with the crests of the other regiments of the Brigade, the 4th, 11th and 13th/18th Hussars, and the 17th/21st Lancers, were hung on the pillars. A set of prints lent by the Parker Gallery, and depicting scenes of the campaign, were on the walls of the ballroom and the adjoining room, used for sitting out and refreshments.

A Guard of Honour of four men in full dress from each regiment was drawn up on one side of the ballroom. On the other, the guests were assembled, the rich uniforms of the men vying for splendour with the beautiful dresses and jewels worn by many of the women present. The Queen entered, a radiant figure in a dress of pale-grey lace embroidered with silver thread, and wearing the Ribbon of the Garter and a magnificent diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings. Her Majesty was escorted by Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the 8th Hussars, who, with Lady Baldwin and the Colonels of the other four regiments and their wives, and Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Wainman, had received the Royal guests. The Queen Mother, also wearing the Ribbon of the Garter, was in a lovely crinoline dress of pink satin and wore a beautiful ruby and diamond tiara and matching necklace and ear-rings. The Duke of Edinburgh wore the Number One dress of the 8th Hussars, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief.

The Royal guests danced frequently and spent some time looking at the magnificent pieces of silver belonging to the regiments of the Brigade which were on display. Several of these had been presented by the Earl of Cardigan of the period. (There was a charming story attached to a dog-collar among the exhibits. This had been worn by a rough-coated terrier named *Jimmy*, belonging to the 8th Hussars, who went through the whole of the campaign in the Crimea, including the famous Charge, accompanied the regiment to India, and, having survived the Mutiny, came to a sad end by drowning.)

Also on view was a silver tankard with cover lent by Mr. George Brudenell, which the Earl had given to the 11th Hussars.

WEDDING. Mr. Alexander Gilmour, the son of Sir John and Lady Gilmour, and Miss Barbara Berry, elder daughter of the Hon. Denis Berry and of Mrs. J. A. Seys, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Afterwards, a reception was held at the Dorchester Hotel. *Left :* Mr. Gilmour and his lovely bride. *Right :* David Gilmour, one of the pages and a nephew of the bridegroom, proudly shows his toy car to the bride.

Mr. Brudenell had also lent to Major-General John Combe, who, with his wife, was at the Ball, the tunic and slung jacket worn by the Earl of Cardigan on the day of the Charge. As her husband is Colonel of the 11th Hussars, Mrs. Combe had had her dress made in the exact colour of the trousers of the famous "Cherrypickers."

During the evening I met Colonel Dudley Norton, whose guests included the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, who was looking lovely in a white chiffon dress, Lady Mary Burghley, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Rose Alexander, and Miss Rosemary Norrie. I also saw Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Forster, who had a party with their very pretty daughter Tessa, who is making her début next year. Other people at this very successful ball, which had been organised by Lieut.-Colonel Wainman, included Sir Keith Officer, the Australian Ambassador to France, Sir Gerald Templer, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Lord Huntingfield, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright and her son, Bryan, and daughter, Susan. Also Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. de Clermont, Brigadier Anthony Pepys and his sister, Mrs. Bill Wainman, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Delaval and Lady Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cely Trevilian, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Barbour, Mr. Edward Brudenell and Lieut.-Colonel P. Arkwright.

The "500" Ball

ON the same evening as the Balaclava Ball, the "500" Ball was being held at Claridge's in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. H.R.H. Princess Alexandra was the guest of honour, and H.H. Princess Marie Louise, president of the ball, and Princess Margarete of Baden were also present. Although I arrived too late to see the cabaret, I was in time to see Princess Alexandra draw for the prizes of lucky programme-holders. Her Royal Highness looked very pretty in pale yellow chiffon, and her dancing partners included Lord Patrick Beresford, Lord Nicholas Gordon Lennox and Lord Hertford.

During the evening, I met the Hon. Ralph Mansfield and his charming wife, both of whom were on the committee. With them were Princess Margarete, Lord Carnegie, Lord Stormont, Miss Sheila Campbell-Walter, and Mrs. Mansfield's two brothers, Mr. James Coutts Duffus and Mr. John Duffus. Lord and Lady Savernake were with the Hon. Edwin and Mrs. Montagu, Miss April Brunner, looking very attractive in white, was dancing with Mr. Richard Berens, and I saw Miss Fiona Munro executing a very skilful Charleston with Mr. David Ashton-Bostock. Other people I saw at the ball were the chairman, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Ironside, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont, and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent, looking very pretty, dancing with her husband. Their baby daughter Annabel had been christened the previous day.

"Troilus and Cressida"

A DISTINGUISHED and brilliant gathering of people assembled at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to hear the first performance of Sir William Walton's

(continued overleaf)

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. The former Miss Miranda Fairbairn with her bridegroom, Mr. Julian Tennant, after their wedding this month.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY. At Eton, parents and friends of the boys went down for the day and watched the celebrated Wall Game. *Left :* Richard Brocas Burrows with his sister Jennifer, who was one of this year's débutantes, and his mother, Mrs. Brocas Burrows. *Right :* Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning with his wife and son.

NEWMARKET SALES. New records in prices were reached at Newmarket during the December Bloodstock Sales. The sale of horses belonging to the late Mr. John Dewar attracted many buyers from overseas, and on the first day the American owner, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, paid a record price of 19,000 guineas for a colt foal, by *Fair Trial* out of *Monsoon*. On the second day, Mr. Anthony Askew, a nephew of the late Mr. J. V. Rank, bid 36,000 guineas for *Festoon*, winner of this year's Guineas. His brother, Mr. Gerald Askew, paid 30,000 guineas for the mare *Refreshed*, these two purchases being a wonderful asset for English bloodstock. *Left:* The Hon. Mrs. J. J. Astor. *Centre: Festoon* in the sale ring. *Right:* Mr. Anthony Askew and his wife.

Our Social Diary
(continued)

opera, *Troilus and Cressida*. There is no doubt that this work, with its passionate and at times deeply-moving music, and the poetic libretto by Mr. Christopher Hassall, is an outstanding contribution to English opera. On this occasion, the singers and the orchestra, under the superb direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent, who has not conducted opera at Covent Garden for nearly twenty years, gave an unforgettable performance, at the end of which the audience showed its unqualified approval with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Mr. George Devine, at present appearing in *Hedda Gabler*, was responsible for the production, with the lovely settings by Sir Hugh Casson and the costumes by Mr. Malcolm Pride.

Before the opera began, it was announced that Mr. Peter Pears was suffering from a severe cold and would be singing against the advice of his doctor. This was not evident in his subsequent performance, which was marked by his wonderfully clear enunciation in the rôle of *Pandarus*. But my highest praise is reserved for Miss Magda Laszlo as *Cressida*, whose beauty, I thought, was matched by her voice.

Among the audience were Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, whose party in the Royal Box included the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, the Duchess of Buccleuch and Mr. Peter Lubbock. Sitting in the stalls were H.E. the Italian Ambassador and Madame Brosio, who was wearing a white ermine jacket, H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier with Viscount and Viscountess Moore, Mr. Somerset Maugham, and Lady Sarah Savile.

At the end of the performance, many of us stayed on for a reception given in the crush-bar, and where we were joined by Sir William Walton and his wife, and other members of the production. People I saw included Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Lady Ravensdale, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, the Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy, looking very pretty in red, with Miss Petronelle Reynolds, Sir Alan and Lady Herbert, Dame Ninette de Valois, and Prince and Princess Vittorio Massimo, the latter looking lovely in a long black taffeta cape, fastened with an enormous diamond buckle.

Portrait Painters' Reception

THE Royal Society of Portrait Painters held their evening reception at the Royal Institute Galleries, where their annual exhibition is now on view. I was glad to have another opportunity of looking at the portraits, as I had only been able to pay rather a hurried visit on the day of the Private View. I always think the comments one overhears at portrait exhibitions are both amusing and instructive as to how widely people's tastes differ. On one occasion, some years ago, a friend of mine was standing by her portrait which had been greatly admired, but overheard an onlooker remark: "Now, *I* call that a shocking waste of canvas!"

At this exhibition I was interested in the two portraits by the young artist Donald Cammell, and I very much liked, among others, the one of Mrs. Simon Wingfield-Digby by Hugh Riddell, the Ranee Borkhar by Stanley Grimm, John Napper's portrait of his wife, and Anthony Devas' painting of the Hon. Mrs. Peter Strutt, which was reproduced in our last issue.

PREMIERE AT COVENT GARDEN. Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark arrive at the Royal Opera House for Sir William Walton's opera, *Troilus and Cressida*.

Guests I saw at the reception included the Earl and Countess of Euston, Viscount Galway and his wife, whose portrait by John Napper was among those exhibited, Commander Alan Noble, M.P., and Mrs. Noble, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, who was looking very pretty in a scarlet skirt with a black velvet top, and Mr. Simon Elwes with his wife. Also, H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Sir Anthony and Lady Myers, the Hon. John and Mrs. Lindesay-Bethune, who have recently moved into their house in Chelsea, Lord Savile and Viscountess Bearsted, who was talking to Mr. Edward Seago. Lord George Scott and his wife were there, she looking very pretty in a short evening dress of cherry chiffon: her portrait of the Countess of Dalkeith is in the exhibition. I also met Mr. Michael Dunne and his bride, who have just returned from their honeymoon, the Hon. Max Aitken and his wife, and Mrs. Audrey Bourke.

The Lansdowne Collection

THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE has lent fifty-five pictures from his collection of paintings for the exhibition at Thomas Agnew's in Bond Street. This is being held in aid of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, and will remain open until January 29th. Few of the masterpieces of the original collection, started by the first Marquess of Lansdowne, remain, but, fortunately, his son by his second marriage, the third Marquess, inherited his father's taste and perception. The present collection contains a wonderful and varied selection of paintings by the great masters of this and other countries.

The fifty-five paintings on view are among the finest I have seen—Raphael's *The Preaching of St. John the Baptist*, the portraits of *Mrs. Baldwin*, by Reynolds; *Lady Louisa FitzPatrick*, by Romney; *The Marquis and Marquise de Marigny*, by Van Loo; and *The Banker*, by Jan Gossart, to mention but a few. I was also enthralled with a small painting by Carlo Dolci of *The Madonna and Child*: the blue of the Madonna's gown is unbelievably lovely.

Among the people on the day of the Private View were the Earl of Dalkeith, Sir William Worsley, the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, Lady Robertson, and Viscount and Viscountess Esher. I also saw Viscountess Bearsted, Sir John Rothenstein, Brigadier-General Sir Ernest and Lady Makins, Sir Thomas and Lady Merton, and Lord Faringdon.

Farewell Reception at the Italian Embassy

THE Italian Ambassador and Madame Brosio are shortly leaving London, and, to say "good-bye" to the many friends they have made during their stay, they held a reception at the Embassy in Grosvenor Square. H.H. Princess Marie-Louise, Members of the Government and representatives of the Diplomatic Corps were among the several hundred guests who filled the lovely reception rooms and ballroom.

People I saw included the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, and his wife, Sir David Eccles, the Belgian Ambassador and Madame LocMaria, the Spanish Ambassador, and the Portuguese Ambassador, who was talking to Countess Beauchamp. Madame Mendosa, looking lovely in a short evening dress of pale-blue silver tissue, was there with her husband, and I had the pleasure of meeting the Mexican Ambassador and Madame Icarez; also Baron Farace, the First Secretary, who told me part of the history attached to the lovely sixteenth-century tapestries in the Embassy, some of which belonged to the Medici family and bear their crest.

Mrs. William Carr was with her daughter and son-in-law, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian, and I met Captain Leslie Gamage and his charming wife, and the Vicomte d'Orthez, happily quite recovered from his recent illness. His lovely wife, Moira Lister, was unable to be present, as she was rehearsing that evening. Other guests I saw were the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, Lord Hore-Belisha, Lady Illingworth, the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson. It was a very enjoyable party, but tinged with regret for many of us that this was the last occasion of seeing our charming host and hostess.

Concert at St. James's Palace

BY permission of Her Majesty the Queen, a concert was held in St. James's Palace for the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, at which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was present. It was an evening I very much enjoyed. After being received by Viscountess Hambleden, joint-deputy chairman of the concert committee with Mrs. Warren Pearl, I joined the guests who were assembling in the first State Room.

Shortly before the concert was due to begin, the Queen Mother entered, accompanied by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, who, as chairman of the concert committee, had received Her Majesty on her arrival at the Palace, together with Lady Hambledon and Mrs. Warren Pearl. The Queen Mother wore a white fox cape with her beautiful crinoline dress of oyster satin, which had an ivy-leaf pattern in soft lilac and blue, and a lovely diamond tiara and pearl and diamond necklace and ear-rings. Princess Alice was in a midnight blue dress and a white ermine jacket, and wore a diamond tiara, and a sapphire and diamond necklace.

The three artists in the concert each gave individual performances. They were the 'cellist, Vivian Joseph, who was accompanied by Harry Isaacs, Livia Rev, the pianist, and Adele Leigh, who sang, and was accompanied by Peter Gellhorn. In the interval the Queen Mother and Princess Alice joined the guests in the room where refreshments were served, and sat at a round table talking to several people. Her Majesty chatted for some time with Lord Luke and Mrs. Warren Pearl. Others who were presented included the Countess of Midleton, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, Mr. Freedman and Miss Clarica Davidson. Princess Alice spoke to several nursing members of the Institute, and some of the caps they wore were so pretty that I really thought they should set a fashion!

Lady Hambledon, in a short speech, thanked the Queen Mother for coming to the concert, and Princess Alice and other members of the committee for the help they had given. She also announced that, as a result of the concert, more than £2000 had been raised for the Institute.

Among the people who took tickets for the concert were Caroline Viscountess Bridgeman, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, the Duchess of Portland, Sir George and Lady Wilkinson, and Penelope Countess of Stamford. I also saw Freda Countess of Listowel, with her daughter, Lady Deidre Hare, who was looking very pretty and was accompanied by her fiancé Lord Grantley, Lady Bird, Mrs. Curzon-Howe, Lady Cohen with Princess Galitzine, both of whom I had seen earlier at the reception at the Italian Embassy, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy with Lord and Lady Cullen of Ashbourne.

Helena

MISS ELIZABETH TREMLETT, the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Erroll A. E. Tremlett, announced her engagement recently to Mr. David Lyon Fellowes, the younger son of Brig.-General Lyon Fellowes, C.B.E., M.C., and of Mrs. Mokrzyfzewska.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

New Year's Eve Ball

A Ball is being held at the May Fair Hotel on New Year's Eve, which not only promises to be a very gay affair but will also contribute to the funds of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research. The tickets, which are priced at 5 guineas each, will include half a bottle of champagne, and one guinea will go to the Fund. Members of the Committee include the Marchioness of Blandford, the Earl of Westmorland, and Miss Beryl Grey. Tickets may be obtained from the New Year's Eve Dance Committee, the May Fair Hotel, W.1.

Christmas Holiday Dance

A dance for young people (aged from ten to sixteen years) is being held at the Chelsea Town Hall on Tuesday, December 21st, 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., in aid of the Third Feathers Club for Boys and Girls. The tickets, which are only 15s. including the buffet, may be obtained from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, chairman of the Feathers Club Association, 20, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

1. Two lovers. Ambrose (Lee Montague) loves Ermengarde (Prunella Scales), but he is only an Artist, while her father is a wealthy merchant. So she must be sent away from suburban Yonkers to the care of an aunt in New York City.

2. A suitor. To New York City also goes Horace Vandergelder (Sam Levene), the wealthy widowed merchant. He has decided to marry again. Match-making Mrs. Levi (Ruth Gordon; *right*) has arranged a meeting with Mrs. Molloy (Eileen Herlie), an Irish milliner. Concealed are Vandergelder's two apprentices, Cornelius and Barnaby, who have taken advantage of his absence to pay their first visit to wicked New York City.

3. A moment. "*Barnaby, this is for you from all the ladies in the world.*" Barnaby (Alec McCowen) came to New York City to be kissed. Perhaps this moment is the most tender, most warm and most moving of a play that touches the affections as well as the intelligence and risibilities of its audience.

4. An evening out. Cornelius (Arthur Hill; *left*) and Barnaby have engaged to take Mrs. Molloy and her Assistant (Rosamund Greenwood) to dinner at the expensive Harmonia Gardens. The waiter (Timothy Findley) takes notes incisively.

5. An avowal. After all the schemes and the romping, after all the misunderstanding and philosophising, this is how it must end. The audience have never doubted that Mrs. Levi would make the match to her own advantage, and this is a sweet, delayed moment for her and us.

"SKETCH" PHOTO-CALL

"THE MATCHMAKER"

AS a theatrical year, 1954 has been notable for three outstanding performances by actresses. Peggy Ashcroft, Siobhan McKenna—and now Ruth Gordon is at the Haymarket Theatre in *The Matchmaker*, by Thornton Wilder, produced by Tyrone Guthrie. Miss Gordon's quality is not to be captured in words. There is a point in the last act when she holds a long conversation with the audience; at the end of every paragraph the audience responds with a round of applause.

There are fine performances also by Eileen Herlie, warm, womanly, and Irish, and Arthur Hill as a sort of younger James Stewart. Mr. Sam Levene is ponderous, Alec McCowen is bashfully cuddlesome, and Patrick McAlinney is an elf with a middle-age spread. Anyone who has seen a play by Thornton Wilder before will already have experienced the *rapport* he establishes with an audience; anyone who has not might do worse than visit *The Matchmaker*.

Photographs by Angus McBean.

In Tanya Moiseiwitsch's set for the last scene, our Mr. Trewin made a count of colours that included "claret, shrimp-pink, jade-green, lime-green, purple and maroon." It is the home of Aunt Julia (Esmé Church; *centre*), where the play is resolved only after a high peak of misunderstanding. Seen here are her cook (Daphne Newton), the drunken cabman (Peter Bayliss) and Vandergelder's servant, Malachi (Patrick McAlinney; *right*), an honest, drunken incompetent.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

She Toils Not—but She Spins!

CONSIDER the Lillie. Consider her while she considers us—so coolly, so mischievously, her eyebrows raised just a fraction, one of her pillbox hats (anyway, one of her very small hats) attached, by faith it seems, to the back of her sleek head. Consider Beatrice Lillie as she ends *There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden* by twirling her necklace so cunningly that it loops and circles about her, like one of the rings of Saturn, and then subsides into a neat pattern around her feet. Consider Beatrice Lillie, surprisingly in cap and apron, as she offers a cheerfully impudent profile to her mistress and to the house. Consider her as Kabuki Lil, a Japanese actress intolerably bored with the Japanese drama. And consider her as she tells us, with incredulous surprise, of the man who tied his horse to her when she was standing quietly at the bottom of the street.

You will have been considering a major technician of the theatre. The trouble is that the phrase sounds pompous, and no one is less pompous than B. Lillie. Some of her material at the Globe Theatre—her programme is called *An Evening With Beatrice Lillie*—is old. Some of it is terrible. But she can make sackcloth look like glittering tissue. And when, as in the second half of the evening, she decorates and embroiders songs that are often first-rate in themselves, we see her full quality as a lovable clown who can handle a stiletto. We have waited too long to reconsider Beatrice Lillie. Now here she is, and how Shaftesbury Avenue shines!

I was wondering at the Old Vic how Beatrice Lillie might play Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew*. She would probably upset the old farce as never before in history. Imagine her standing statuesque before Petruchio, just as she stands while the tenor, whirling his cloak around her, sings "*Come into the Garden, Maud*," with quite useless energy. You know that Miss Lillie (not Maud, but "Be-a-trice") coldly considers such a suggestion outrageous. Certainly Petruchio would never tame her; she might tame Petruchio.

At the Old Vic now, things go—most reasonably—according to plan, with Ann Todd as a gloriously sullen Kate whose rage cracks suddenly while she listens to the battle between Grumio and the Tailor. (Later—and it is refreshing—she speaks the Declaration of Obedience without any overtones of irony.) Paul Rogers enjoys Petruchio's carefully-regulated bluster; and most of the Vic cast—though some of the clowns are not very happy—work with enthusiasm in Denis Carey's cheerful mazes. Mr. Carey has not bothered about small points of probability or psychology. This is Shakespeare's crazy-gang farce; it is treated as it should be, and with one or two original glints—the sneeze that turns Hortensio into "Licio," the wedding-party entrance of Petruchio and Grumio on swinging bell-ropes, and the provision of a wide-eyed little wedding guest who stands, amid the mad rout, like a Paduan Alice in Wonderland.

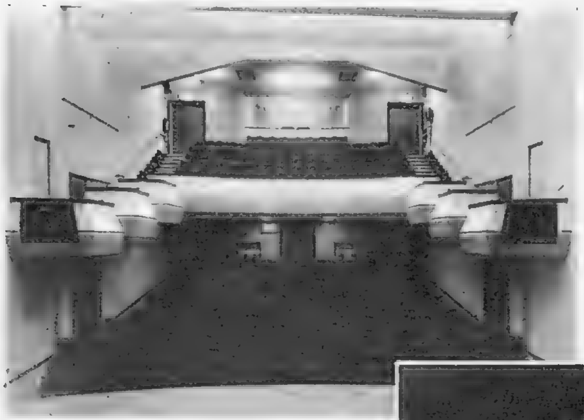
Beatrice Lillie, Ann Todd . . . and now Mary Ure. I doubt whether the schoolgirl who spoke a few lines touchingly during the York Mystery Plays of 1951, realised then that fame would reach her so soon. Her career is described on the facing page. Here I need say merely that her performance of the *midinette* on a strange mission in remoter Brittany is probably the thing for which we shall remember *Time Remembered*. The little fantasy (Lyric, Hammersmith), produced by William Chappell, is a version of Anouilh's *Léocadia*: a buttermilk piece, with a scatter of amusing lines (early Milne or near-Carroll), that could have been far more imaginative and lyrical than it is. Still, Mary Ure's grace and sincerity glorify the girl who must impersonate a Prince's lost love; Paul Scofield, best of our younger actors, animates the Prince; and Margaret Rutherford's flickering Duchess is likely at any moment to exclaim: "*Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.*"

She might even have believed in the alarming lives of *Simon and Laura*, the pair—actor and actress, husband and wife—who give their names to an Alan Melville comedy at the Strand Theatre. In private they quarrel wildly; in public they are the emblems of domestic bliss that adorn a popular television series. Mr. Melville has not been very inventive about their private lives; but he has delighted in showing exactly what happens—or what we suppose must happen—during the filming of a television play, with the characters crushed against each other and acting desperately in the confines of a match-box. This is uncommonly good fun; and it is here that Roland Culver, Coral Browne and Ian Carmichael—who has developed a nice slithering stride—decorate the night most cheerfully. But I do wish that the usually alert and witty Mr. Melville had remembered that Dora Bryan was in the cast, and waiting with patience for a good part.

Further up Aldwych, at the Aldwych Theatre itself, John Clements and Kay Hammond have flicked back to the eighteenth century in a play called, agreeably, *The Little Glass Clock*. During the first act Hugh Mills, the dramatist, is labouring: then he swoops away, forgets to be too self-conscious about costume and period detail, and lets us have a usefully theatrical farcical comedy that rattles through to the end without taking breath. It is, so to speak, a contrived rattle, but we do not worry about that when Mr. Clements is finding himself wryly subdued in the costume of an Abbé, when Miss Hammond is the turtle-dove that haunts a French château, and when George Relph is becoming exuberantly martial as a genuine Abbé who finds one crowded hour of glorious life in a General's uniform. For good measure we have also King Louis XV., a Cardinal, and a Marshal of France; and I suggest that after the first act has ended (with an almost audible sigh of relief) you will be happily beguiled.

I cannot say that about *Accounting for Love* (Saville). It is a ghost of a French light comedy that comes to life only when Per Aabel, from Norway, is being at once precise and embarrassed (a wasp stings him during the third act, and he looms into comic splendour). We shall look for Per Aabel in a better part. I shall watch again, too, for Jack Rodney and Hilary Liddell, who made something of Giles Cooper's difficult two-character play, *Never Get Out*, at the Arts.

A NEW THEATRE FOR R.A.D.A.



Her Majesty the Queen Mother formally opened the Vanbrugh Theatre, the new theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, on December 2nd, the anniversary of the birthday of Dame Irene Vanbrugh. The programme at the opening consisted of a *Masque* of excerpts from plays linked by a text written by John Whiting and spoken by William Squire, both ex-students. The new theatre is shown in the picture above; at the right is a scene from a Cornish mystery play, acted by present students of R.A.D.A.

Photograph by Angus McBean.

A STAR IS BORN

IT is three-and-a-half years since the York Mystery Plays were first revived before the ruined north wall of the nave of St. Mary's Abbey. On that opening night, clear and serene, but with a hint of Northern steel, many noted the actress of Mary the Mother, who spoke the exquisitely simple lines of the anonymous fourteenth-century poet : "*Grant me thy bliss, As I am thy Mother chosen to be, In truthfulness.*" She was Mary Ure, still a schoolgirl at York. During the next three years she was a student in London at the Central School of Speech and Drama ; last June she appeared in the annual School performance as the cheerful twin Dolly in the first act of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell,* and as the maid, Ferris, in the second act of *The Liars.* The judges (Diana Wynyard, Michael Benthall, J. C. Trewin) awarded her the Sybil Thorndike Prize for a performance by a girl.

So to the night of Thursday, December 2, when Mary Ure, now aged twenty-one, acted the midinette Amanda in an English version of Jean Anouilh's *pièce rose, Léocadia,* called *Time Remembered. Léocadia* was produced in Paris very early during the war, in the autumn of 1939 : Amanda is rarely off the stage : much of the evening rests on her.

At the end of the Lyric, Hammersmith, performance, in which Margaret Rutherford and Paul Scofield were the other leading players, cries of "Bravo !" came from every part of the house when Mary Ure stepped forward. The girl, blonde, grave, beautifully poised, had had the kind of *début* an actress dreams about. There are mixed opinions of the play, but none of Mary Ure. At the première her grace, resource and tact were obvious from Amanda's first appearance to the moment when she and the Prince retire into the inn. Mary Ure has a year's contract with Tennents. It is, we can believe, the birth of a star.

THE TRIUMPH OF AMPHITRITE : by Louis-Leopold Boilly.
This is a *trompe l'œil* painting of a relief by Clodion, which is also shown in the Exhibition.
(Lent by Madame la Baronne Cassel van Doorn.)

MRS. HORTON : by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.
Mrs. Horton afterwards married Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III.
(Lent by the National Gallery of Ireland.)

THE KISS : by Jean-Honoré Fragonard.
(Lent by the Baron Alain de Rothschild.)

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition is of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century ; it will run until February 27th of next year. Paintings have been borrowed from many parts of Europe ; Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, writing in the preface to the catalogue, mentions particularly the help received from France. Her Majesty the Queen and his Majesty the King of Sweden head the list of private lenders. Boucher, Fragonard and Watteau, Canaletto, Guardi and Tiepolo, Gainsborough and Reynolds are all well-represented, and the small Spanish group includes four portraits and a sketch by Goya. The Exhibition has been well attended ; when there is so much to see, a second visit is well worth while.

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO : by Pierre Henri Subleyras.
(Lent by Die Akademia der Bildenden Künste, Vienna.)

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

MADAME GENEVIEVE FATH: For Saving the jobs of 600 Workers.

Determined that the 600 workers employed by Jacques Fath, the famous *couturier*, should not lose their jobs as a result of his recent death, Madame Fath has bravely taken over control of *Maison Fath* and will run it herself.

HARRY OAKES: For Designing an Old (B.B.C.) Family Tie.

Mr. Oakes is better known to radio listeners as Dan Archer of Brookfield Farm. There are so many Archers in the B.B.C. family that he feels they deserve an "old family tie" and has designed one: a capital "A" and bows and arrows on a green ground.

MRS. ELIZABETH GRAHAM: A Beauty Specialist who has made Racing History.

"What a beautiful foal!" said Mrs. Graham at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales on December 6th, and paid £19,950 for him, or £12,390 more than has been paid for a foal before. Mrs. Graham is an expert on Beauty, however; she is Elizabeth Arden.

A. E. MATTHEWS: Still a Beau at Eighty-five.

Mr. Matthews has just been dubbed (by *The Tailor and Cutter*) one of the four best-dressed men in show business. Here he is, in bowler hat and stock, being presented with a *Brummell*, the statuette award by John Taylor, editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*. He seems faintly surprised by the whole affair.

TOTO: A Comedian Prince.

Toto, the Italian comedian, is really His Imperial Highness Prince Antonio de Curtis Griffe Focas, direct descendant of the Byzantine Emperors, and has just proved his claim in Italy's courts. He sticks to "Toto" on the bills, however.

DAVID AND BRENDA THATCHER: Who have both won the Queen's Badge.

"Anything you can do, I can do as well," is a good family motto, and brother and sister Brenda and David of Bexhill have carried it to the point at which both of them have won that much-coveted honour among Scouts and Guides, the Queen's Badge.

PHILIP CROSBY-JONES: For Hitch-hiking an 8,000-mile Trip Home.

Mr. Crosby-Jones, invalided out from the South African Police, decided on September 1st to hitch-hike home from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, to Staffordshire, England. It was over 8,000 miles, but he has made it in good time for Christmas.

LINDA: Unofficial Pudding-taster at Barnardo's Homes.

Oriental princes used to employ tasters as a precaution against poison, but who would slip arsenic into the pudding at Dr. Barnardo's Home at Barkingside? Let's face it—Linda's job is superfluous. But we haven't the heart to tell her.

TOM MENNARD: For Climbing from a Bus-Driver's Seat to the Windmill Stage.

Mr. Mennard was, in fact, a bus-driver at Hove, but last month, having saved up five days' leave, he came to London and auditioned as a comic for the Windmill. He appeared on stage the same night, and—*bingo*, he's here to stay!

Photograph by Houston Rogers.

WELCOME BACK TO THE BALLET

TO-MORROW (December 16th) the Sadler's Wells Ballet will return to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, after a successful European tour. The Company opens its season with *Mam'zelle Angot*, Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial*, and *The Firebird*—the production of Fokine's ballet, elaborately resurrected this year, in which Miss Margot Fonteyn (seen in our photograph above) revealed a new warmth and depth to her dancing personality. Miss Fonteyn's pre-eminent position among English ballerinas received further recognition last month, when London University made her a Doctor of Music. During this season, the Sadler's Wells Ballet intends to present two new works by Frederick Ashton and a three-act ballet by John Cranko to music by Benjamin Britten.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Throw Physic to the Doctor!

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I woke up one morning last week feeling as though the back of my throat were made of sandpaper. I leant across to Charles' bed and tapped him on the shoulder. "Charles," I said, "I am getting a cold."

"Oh, dear!" said Charles, with such genuine distress I was quite touched.

"Don't worry, dear," I said, "it may not be a very bad one."

Charles opened one eye. "What may not be a very bad one?" he said.

"My cold."

Charles sat up. "Don't tell me you are getting a *Cold*," he said, with more disgust than sympathy.

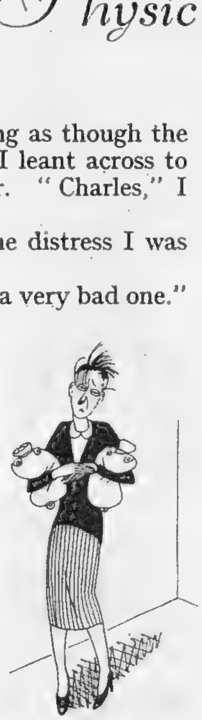
"I told you just now and you said 'Oh, dear!'"

"I said 'Oh, dear!' because I thought you said it was time to get up."

"Well, it is."

Charles rolled out of bed with a groan and went off to the bathroom muttering.

At breakfast, when I sneezed, he put down his cup and said, "Well, really, this is Too Much!"



"... clasping them in my arms ..."

"There's no need to be beastly about it, Charles; I haven't got a Cold on purpose."

"I'm sorry, Henrietta, but if you knew what my life is like at this time of the year you'd understand. Everywhere I go it's the same story. 'Oh, Doctor Browne, I've got such a horrible cold—oh, Doctor Browne, my eyes are streaming—my nose is running—my sinuses are blocked up—my cough is horrible—I think I have a patch on my lung—my throat is agony—I haven't got a temperature now, but I'm sure I will by this evening.' It's very depressing."

"Poor things!" I said.

"We all know colds are very uncomfortable affairs," said Charles pompously, "but they get better in time. The great thing is not to think about them and keep in the fresh air as much as possible. All this rubbing and inhaling and drinking of potions is merely silly."

"It seems extraordinary to me that although thousands and thousands of pounds are spent every year, medical science has not yet succeeded in finding a cure for the Common Cold."

"It is trying," said Charles.

"It is not succeeding," I said bitterly.

Charles left the house without saying good-bye.

Outside the fish shop I met Mrs. Whinebite. "And how's Henrietta?" she said brightly.

"I have a Cold, Mrs. Whinebite."

"Fancy a Doctor's Wife having a cold!" she said, laughing merrily.

"Fancy," I said.

Outside the butcher's, when I saw Lady B., I crossed quickly to the other side of the road so as not to breathe her a germ. "Why are you avoiding me, Henrietta?" she shouted.

"I have a Cold, Lady B."

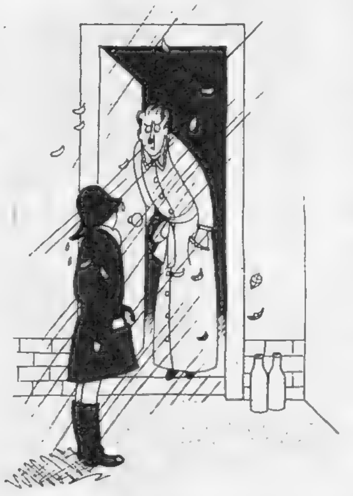
Lady B. waited until a bus had passed and then shouted, "Go straight home and go to bed. It is the Only Way."

As I made myself a little meat tea, for Charles was at our Cathedral City for a meeting and wouldn't be home until six, I thought about Lady B.'s remark and the more I thought about it the more I felt sure it was very good advice indeed, so I filled two hot-water bottles, and clasping them in my arms like new-born twins, I went slowly upstairs to my bedroom, where, ignoring Charles' advice about fresh air, I shut all the windows, turned on the electric fire and got luxuriously into bed.

Oh, bliss! Oh, rapture! I lay there, one hot-water bottle at my feet and the other in my arms, and listened to the wind howling and watched a pitiless rain falling and yellow leaves tossing in the air and sticking to the wet window-panes. I thought of all the things I ought to be doing—sweeping up dead leaves—weeding the drive—putting away the laundry . . . and then I read for a little—a book of no literary merit—and then I fell happily asleep.

When I woke it was dimpsy and the electric fire was throwing a cosy pink glow on the carpet and somebody was knocking at the door. "Let them knock," I said, "I am in bed with a Cold." But the knocking became louder and the horrible thought came to me that it might be somebody wanting Charles. Of course, they should have gone to the Surgery, but suppose it was something very, very urgent? Suppose an artery had been severed? I went over in my mind the Pressure points learnt so light-heartedly in my V.A.D. youth—the inside of the forearm—the thigh. Suppose the bleeding was from the head? Surely a tourniquet round the neck would be unwise?

The knocking became louder still and I leaped out of bed, scrambled into a dressing-gown and ran downstairs. When I opened the back door a lot of rain and leaves blew in and I saw Evensong's nephew, in gum-boots and sou'wester. "It's Auntie," he said.



"I opened the back door"

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's got a cold—praaper bad she be."

"Do you mean she's not coming?"

"That's right. She thinks a day or two in bed is what she needs."

Evensong's nephew went off whistling. I shut the door and went sadly upstairs and began to dress. When Charles came home I was making curry with one hand and holding a handkerchief pressed to my nose with the other.

"Hullo, Henrietta," said Charles.

"Samples . . ."

Something in his voice made me turn round and look at him. His face was rather pale and his nose was rather blue.

"Is anything the matter, Charles?"

"I've got your cold, Henrietta," said Charles reproachfully.

"Oh, Charles, I'm so sorry."

"It can't be helped," said Charles bravely, and he dropped a lot of little packages on the kitchen table. "*Samples*," he said.

"What for, Charles?"

"My Cold," said Charles. "This one is to snuff up your nose—this one is to snuff down—this is to rub on your chest—you add a little of this to the hot water you soak your feet in—these tablets are to be taken three times a day and this is a gargle. Put the kettle on, Henrietta, I am going to bed. I haven't got a temperature now, but I think I will have one by this evening."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

Mrs. J. W. Chandos-Pole and Major J. G. Leaf.

Mrs. John Pack-Drury-Lowe (*left*), Viscount Scarsdale, the Hon. Mrs. John Bearman, Viscountess Scarsdale, Mr. Frederick Nettlefold, Mr. John Pack-Drury-Lowe, the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Nettlefold, Mr. John Bradshaw, the Hon. Diana Curzon, Mr. John Bearman, and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley.

Miss Sarah Parsons with Mr. Richard Spickernell.

THE MEYNELL HUNT BALL

KEDLESTONE HALL, the beautiful eighteenth-century home of Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale, with its magnificent interior by Robert Adam, provided a wonderful setting for the ball which was held there recently. A profusion of flowers filled the ballroom and the reception rooms that were used for sitting-out and for refreshments. More than 250 guests danced until the very early hours of the morning, when a delicious supper of bacon and eggs was served. Among those who brought parties to the ball were the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, the chairman of the Hunt, Colonel Sir Ian Walker and Lady Walker, and Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety, M.F.H.

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe.

Mrs. J. G. Leaf (*left*), the Hon. Mrs. W. Willson, Mrs. Cecil Atkinson-Clark, with Mr. Cecil Atkinson-Clark and Major Guy Wilmot-Sitwell.

Mrs. Stuart-French and Mr. Arthur Dalgety. Mr. Dalgety has been M.F.H. of the Meynell Hunt since 1952.

FOUR FRIENDS OF MR. TOAD

Edward Atienza as Mole.

Brewster Mason as Badger.

William Squire as the Water Rat.

Zena Walker as the Gaoler's Daughter.

"*Bacon, jam, cards, dominoes—you'll find that nothing whatever has been forgotten.*" "I've noticed it," says Alfred the Horse. Toad (Leo McKern) shows off his new canary-coloured caravan.

The Stratford Memorial Company Dons Fur and Feathers, and—

Toad Comes to Town

ON December 23rd the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will present *Toad of Toad Hall* at the Prince's Theatre. This will be the first time that a company from the Stratford Theatre has appeared in London in a play not by Shakespeare, and it is fitting that the play they have chosen should be the one with which the citizens of Stratford itself have been delighted at Christmas-time for the last three years.

Although the play might be considered a sort of musical comedy for children—for a full orchestra will play Fraser-Simpson's music, written for the first production in 1929, and there is a *sort* of chorus line of Wild-Wooders—the members of the cast are all from the "legitimate" theatre, and the classical theatre at that. William Squire, who will be remembered for his appearances with the Old Vic last season as well as his more recent television appearances has played the Water Rat twice before Leo McKern (also ex-Stratford and the Ol Vic) plays Toad, Brewster Mason, who is to appear in next year's Stratford season plays Badger, and Mole is played by Edward Atienza, who, in the last five years, has climbed steadily at the Memorial Theatre through a range of parts that began with banner-carrying and will culminate next year in Feste of *Twelfth Night*. The ladies are Zena Walker and Rosalind Atkinson.

Toad of Toad Hall will run for a five-weeks season. This will be the first time since 1934 that the play has been seen in London. The production is by John Kidd.

Photographs by Alec Murray.

"*So I always come down like a truck-load of coal, On Toads—on Toads-in-a-hole.*" The Judge (Powys Thomas) has little taste for Toads ; nor have the Jury (there are Wild-Wooders among them, scantily disguised as Rabbits). Toad gets a sentence of twenty years, fifteen of them for cheeking the Police.

"I have several aunts who ought to be washer-women." Phoebe, the gaoler's daughter, helps Toad to disguise himself.

"We don't want to teach 'em. We want to learn 'em, and what's more, we're going to." Badger explains to his friends the plan to recapture Toad Hall from the Wild-Wooders.

"When the Toad Came Home!" There is panic in the parlour, there is shouting in the hall, when Toad and his friends emerge from the Butler's Pantry to smite the foe.

Toad Triumphant. Popular Mr. Toad is ready to greet the guests at a grand party in honour of himself and his friends.

A Pot-Pourri of Christmas Programmes

" I did think I did see all heaven before me and the Great God himself."

HANDEL had just finished writing the Hallelujah Chorus of *The Messiah* when he is recorded to have said those words to a servant who came into his room and found him in tears.

To-night (December 15th) that sublime chorus comes through television once again when, as last year, the Huddersfield Choral Society will sing it, under the baton of Sir Malcolm Sargent, in my opinion the world's greatest choral conductor.

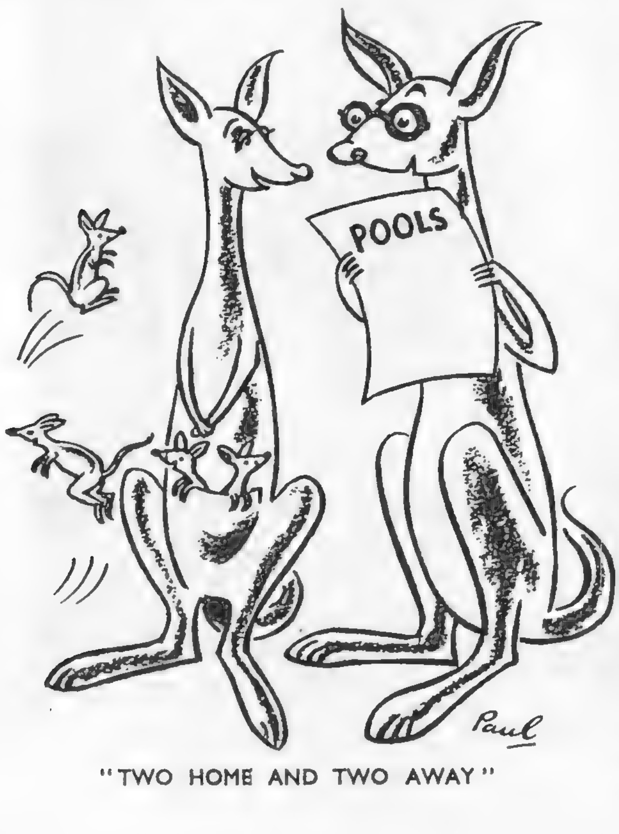
With Sir Thomas Beecham's latest and superb *The Conductor Speaks* fresh in mind, it will be interesting to compare the different methods of these two *maestri*, who constantly delight the musical world by their amiably acid remarks about each other. Sir Malcolm's technique—like everything else about him—is immaculate. He conducts bar by bar, with meticulous attention to the cueing. Sir Thomas's method was once described to me by a member of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra: " He conducts the *phrases* of the music and gives you the *feel* of it. It 's a bit disconcerting until you get used to it, but it 's wonderfully exciting."

With *The Messiah* well and truly sung, I feel that Christmas can begin; and you will find that your television programmes will become more and more seasonable. There are two major Carols programmes. One comes from Manchester on the 19th, when the boys of Chetham's Hospital gather in the fourteenth-century Hall—once the home of the Earls of Manchester—to sing carols. This is a tradition which goes back to 1656, and you will see the boys wearing costumes of the period.

On the 23rd you can see a shortened version of the Service of Lessons and Carols which is held every year in one of England's architectural masterpieces: King's College Chapel, Cambridge. This impressive ceremony will also be seen in the seven European countries of the Continental exchange link.

On Christmas Eve the exchange will work in the reverse direction when the awe-inspiring Midnight Mass, from Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, will be seen on our screens. The broadcast will begin at 10.55 p.m. (our time), when we shall see some introductory shots of the outside of Notre Dame and then its inside, with the vast congregation waiting. As the bells strike midnight (French time), the Gregorian Mass, " The Mass of the Angels," will begin. Communion will be celebrated at the High Altar, while the congregation sings the carol, *" Il est Né le Divin Enfant."* The ceremony will end with a Procession of Cardinals leaving the Cathedral.

Christmas Day will begin with a service from St. Ann's Church, Manchester; and this serious note will be echoed in the evening when Jeanne Heal broadcasts an appeal for the Blind. After that things will be in a lighter vein, with a comedy, *A Party for Christmas*, by N. C. Hunter, and the usual *Television Christmas Party*, which I generally find hideously embarrassing.



"TWO HOME AND TWO AWAY"

BY some strange quirk of planning, there will be two short Christmas operas this year. One on the 20th, *Christmas Story*, comes from ubiquitous Antony Hopkins (who has recently written the score for the ballet *Café des Sports*, and some of the music for *War in the Air*) to a libretto by Michael Flanders. The list of characters includes Father, Mother, Tiger Tim, a Burglar, Saint Nicholas and a positive plethora of Santa Clauses!

The other is *Amahl and the Night Visitors* on the 24th, from which we show you some pictures on the opposite page. Poor Gian-Carlo Menotti, its composer, has been having some rough treatment from the musical critics lately. His score for *The Consul* has had a positive broadside of abuse hurled at it. Personally, the more I hear of his music the more I realise how beautifully integrated and how wonderfully apposite it is to his texts (for he writes his own *libretti*).

I found agreement from Stanford Robinson, who will be conducting *Amahl.* " I have played the score to myself over and over again and find it more delightful each time," he says. " If it were poor music, as some of the highbrows maintain, I would have got bored stiff with it. But I think the critics are taking the wrong attitude to Menotti. He writes his operas as a complete whole, and the music is as much part of that whole as the words and the action. I can't imagine a 'selection from *The Consul*,' for instance. But also I can't imagine the words sung to any other music—it 's so completely right, and so personal to the composer."

No doubt Mr. Menotti has consoled himself by reading some of the first criticisms which his predecessors had to suffer. In *La Bohème* Puccini was accused of writing trash and having debased himself! *Carmen* was a monumental flop because it was considered too " unmelodic "! Really, critics do have to be careful!

AT the risk of introducing a minor note in the season of Good Cheer, I must confess to a slight sadness that the traditional pantomime has disappeared from the boards, and been put literally on ice. However, I am sure that *Aladdin on Ice*, coming from the Empire Pool, Wembley, on the 26th will be an excellent second-best.

I very much look forward to seeing that great droll, Frankie Howerd, in the classic farce, *Tons of Money*, on Boxing Day. Recently Mr. Howerd has been inclined to fight shy of television. " I don't think I was getting the most out of such talents as I have by just cracking a few gags and singing a song, on television," he told me. " I feel that 'situation comedy' will give me a much better chance. Anyway, I 've always wanted to do *Tons of Money*. It 's bang up to date; about a poor nut who tries to struggle with income tax, debts and the cost of living. That 's me!"

ON YOUR TELEVISION SCREENS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

It is past Amahl's bedtime. But as he sits outside, playing a sad little tune on his pipe, he finds himself fascinated by a large, mysterious star, hanging low in the sky.

Amahl and the Night Visitors

WHEN Gian-Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, was done on television last year, it was found to be so enchanting that the B.B.C. resolved to repeat it ; and it may become a regular Yuletide presentation.

Based on the Christmas fables Menotti heard as a youngster, in Italy, the story is an episode during the travels of the Three Kings—led by their star—in search of the Child. Bearing rich gifts, they rest for the night in a tumbledown wayside cottage, inhabited by Amahl, a crippled boy, and his widowed mother, who are desperately poor.

The production on Christmas Eve will be fundamentally the same as last year. It will again be in the hands of Christian Simpson, with Amahl and his mother once more sung by Charles Vignoles and Gladys Whitred.

Thirteen-year-old Charles Vignoles is a pupil at the Cathedral Choir School, Canterbury, and is a chorister in the cathedral. He may be young, but he is already an accomplished musician and plays two instruments, as well as singing with a voice of beautiful clarity. Those who saw Antony Hopkins' choir-boy opera *The Man From Tuscany* at the Royal Festival Hall last week will remember his performance as the senior prefect. Charles' main interests, apart from music, lie in the direction of reading and sailing.

Amahl's mother is so poor that she cannot feed her son—she cannot even afford a fire to keep him warm. She sees the gold, the precious gifts which the Three Kings have brought with them. She is tempted to steal—for her son.

Crippled Amahl, too, wants to send the Child a gift. He asks the Three Kings to take with them his most precious possession, his crutch, without which he cannot walk. At that moment a miracle happens—Amahl is cured.

TWO NATURAL ACTORS:

Neither the boy nor the fox has had any formal dramatic training, but each has been chosen to appear in a film by a great director. The fox is one of the characters of Arne Sucksdorff's *The Great Adventure*, now showing at the Academy Cinema. The boy, six-year-old Jonathan Ashmore, has been chosen by Sir Carol Reed to play "Joe" in the forthcoming production of *A Kid For Two Farthings*.

AT THE CINEMA

Let Us Now Hail a Great Nature Photographer

By C. A. LEJEUNE

THERE are films about animals and films about animals. Some of them treat animals as *curiosæ* of travel: local specimens to be catalogued along with rock formations, trees and tribal ceremonies. Some of them, by dint of facile cutting, allusive music and smart commentary, make animals seem comical, a parody of human beings. Others again gush over their animals, attributing to them sentiments and ethics quite beyond them. Just a few seem to love animals for what they really are; for their grace, their beauty, their courage and timidity, their curiosity, precaution and sometimes reckless folly. Among such films the new one at the Academy ranks high.

It comes from Sweden, and the director, Arne Sucksdorff, is a painter *manqué*. As a boy he longed to draw and paint in country places; forests, flowers and patterns in the snow, but mostly animals. Somehow the quick thing he meant to catch eluded him. He decided to see if he could catch it with a camera. He went to Berlin before the war, and learnt all the documentary technique the Ufa Studios could teach him. On his return to Sweden, he practised it at home.

The fifteen or so short nature films Sucksdorff has made since 1941 are likely to become collectors' pieces. He is beginning to be talked of now as "the new Flaherty," on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Great Adventure (*Academy*) is his first full-length subject. It took him two-and-a-half years to make, and clearly reflects the observations of half a lifetime. He shot it in and about the fringes of a great Swedish forest. His characters are mainly animals and children. He is sentimental about neither, because he has lived close enough to both to understand them. He knows that their emotional wave-lengths differ from those of a human adult, who can never quite share, however sympathetically he may observe, their instinctive hopes and fears, their simple processes of thought, their forlorn sense of loss and vigorous powers of readjustment. He knows, too, that nature is not always idyllic, and is not afraid to show that there is death, as well as a constant regeneration of life in the forest.

The Great Adventure is life itself, but within the larger adventure there is a lesser one. Two small brothers save a young otter from a trap, take him home, hide and feed him through a long, hard winter, until he becomes as tame and playful as a puppy. But spring comes, heralded by the flight of cranes. The tempting water sparkles through the snow. The otter escapes to its wild life, to freedom and to danger. The boys, after a moment's heartbreak, turn to a new summer and fresh adventures.

The whole thing is a dream of childhood, wonderfully photographed. With a camera in his hand, Sucksdorff is no longer an artist *manqué*. He has no professional actors in the cast. His own son plays the younger boy, a neighbour's son the ten-year-old. In the English version Norman Shelley speaks a commentary, but the film hardly seems to need one.

A SEMI-DOCUMENTARY, semi-fictional British film, *The Sea Shall Not Have Them* (*Gaumont*), describes the wartime Air-Sea Rescue of four men, survivors from a shot-down Hudson, who are floating helplessly on the North Sea in a rubber dinghy.

From an aerodrome in East Anglia, the rescue attempt is organized, with Coastal Command and the Royal Navy joining Air-Sea Rescue in the search for the dinghy. Two launches and a couple of Sea Otters are put on the job, but for various reasons only one launch is able to keep going. Owing to the imbecile behaviour of a raw medical orderly ("*Excuse me, I think I've set the boat on fire*"), and the churlish incompetence of its engineer-fitter, it doesn't keep going very fast.

By the time contact is made, the dinghy has drifted into an enemy minefield off the coast of Belgium, and is well within reach of the shore batteries. Fortunately there is only one mine in the minefield, and the German aim is very bad; but even so, one doubts if the rescue would have been effected had not the enemy gunners chosen the moment when both launch and dinghy are a sitting target, to have their elevenses.

I'm afraid *The Sea Shall Not Have Them* is not a very convincing picture, in spite of Service co-operation, a star-studded cast and an admirable subject. The infirm screen-play, I think, is at the root of the trouble, and since the director, Lewis Gilbert, is one of the writers, presumably he got the thing he wanted. But it does jump about so from place to place, and no amount of jokes about sergeants, and sea-sickness, and expectant fathers can atone for the absence of lines that strike the imagination or really develop character.

Nigel Patrick probably comes off best with a good, sharp, jaunty sketch of a wide-awake sergeant. Michael Redgrave is allowed his moments as a V.I.P. whose father was a humble railway porter. One can't help feeling that the discomfort of the players in the dingy is less directly attributable to wetness than to the fact that they have so little to say and do.

ONE speaks of a flock of sheep, a pride of lions, a string of horses, a charm of nightingales—what would be the proper collective term for a multiplicity of Fernandels, who turns up playing six different parts, in a scapegrace comedy, *The Sheep has Five Legs*, at the *Cameo-Polytechnic*. He plays an irascible old peasant and his quintuplet sons—the proprietor of a beauty parlour, a window-cleaner, a sea-captain with a taste for gambling, a journalist who runs the heart-throb column in a woman's magazine, and a country priest, who suffers from his unfortunate likeness to a well-known film character. All the Fernandels are needed for a great family reunion, and the film follows their godfather's attempts to seek them out and bring them together. It is a bit slapdash in construction, but seldom less than entertaining.

Five Careers for Norman Wisdom

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE: Mr. Wisdom consults a colleague (Shirley Abicair) before applying for the job.

INVENTOR: Mr. Wisdom has adapted the orphanage sewing-machine to peel potatoes. (Patent not applied for.)

BOXER: "Last Three Rounds and Win Ten Pounds." Mr. Wisdom gets himself hypnotised first.

ATHLETE: Mr. Norman Wisdom in the last stages of the London-to-Brighton Walking Race.

NORMAN WISDOM'S second film is called *One Good Turn*. It will open to-morrow (December 16th) at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Directed by John Paddy Carstairs, it features Shirley Abicair, who plays the zither, Joan Rice, Thora Hird and Russell Enoch (who once played Troilus in the garden of an Oxford college). Mr. Wisdom is an orphan who has stayed on at the orphanage; his ambition, indeed, is that one day he will have an orphanage of his own. The complexities of the plot take him into a number of strange places, but the orphanage is there to receive him again at the end.

MUSICIAN: In charge of a symphony orchestra, Mr. Wisdom proves to be a dynamic conductor.

MRS. LOUIS KENTNER AND MRS. YEHUDI MENUHIN

SIR WILLIAM WALTON composed and dedicated a sonata to these two charming and talented sisters, daughters of the late Mr. Gerald Gould and of the late Lady (Cecil) Harcourt. Both sisters are married to musicians of world renown. Mrs. Menuhin (*right*) was, before her marriage, well known as a ballet dancer under her maiden name, Diana Gould. She and her husband have made their home in California, U.S.A., and have two young sons, Gerrard and Jeremy. Mrs. Kentner, who lives with her husband in Chelsea, is herself a talented pianist. Mr. Menuhin and his brother-in-law often play together at concerts, an association which began with their respective marriages. They have recently completed a successful season in Paris and should now be in the midst of a programme for them to play all ten Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano at the Royal Festival Hall on December 10th, 14th and 16th.

Photograph by Yevonde.

Our Fashion Portfolio

By NORAH OWEN

Christmas Party Pieces

FOR the Christmas Party Season, what could be prettier than this enchanting short evening dress of raspberry-red lace ? The bodice has a wide neck-band and large bow of matching satin, the skirt is very full with a scalloped hem-line. By Elizabeth Henry, from Tina Berlyn, Bond Street ; and John Moses, Newcastle. Evening sandals and jewellery are from Dickins and Jones.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Michael Williams.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Christmas Party Pieces

Glamour and glitter for Christmas—a sophisticated short evening dress in red satin, with a tightly-fitting bodice, edged with mink, and a richly ruched skirt. By Rahvis, Upper Grosvenor Street. The sleigh comes from Hamleys.

Right :

Slim and graceful, in a fabulous cream-coloured lace, this dress by Sylvia Mills is figure-clinging, with a flattering neckline. A cluster of roses emphasizes the sash at the waist. It comes from Rocha, Grafton Street.

THE Christmas party, whether it be formal or family, for adults only, or around the Christmas tree, is the focal-point of the weeks ahead of us. Your party-dress may be smooth in satin, or soft and flowing in lace or net ; but it must be short. It may be pale, in a muted shade, or in glowing Christmas colours ; but it must be feminine and flattering, bringing added charm to the festive scene.

Right :

Showing the longer bodice-line that predominates this season, this attractive dress buttons through from neck to waist, over a wide, stiffly folded skirt. In an amusing grey metalassé fabric, by Frank Usher, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Jewellery by Dickins and Jones.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Christmas Party Pieces

THE younger girl, with a more limited income, needs several dresses for the party season, and we show, for her, two reasonably priced dresses in readiness for her numerous parties. An evening coat, as an alternative to furs, is a necessity in any woman's wardrobe, but is not always easy to find. We show such a one on the opposite page.

A pretty young dress in lace over taffeta, with a full skirt, banded with taffeta, finishing in a bow on the pleated tulle hemline. This dress, in a wide range of shades, by Bijou, costs about £8 12s. 6d. from D. H. Evans. For sizes over 42 in. hips, £9 10s. 6d.

A short, strapless evening dress, in shaded net, with a matching stole. The skirt is full, the fitting bodice has a tucked décollétage. By John Selby, price about 9 gns., in many shades, from the Army and Navy Stores ; and Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh.

A party-going coat, in crease-resistant "mirror velvet," in a wide range of glowing shades. By Rumonte, price about 21 gns., from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street; and Jay's of Leeds.

PERFUME AS A PRESENT

AS a present to give to any woman friend, as a present for you to receive, as a present to give yourself, why not—Perfume ?

Experiment with a new perfume, turn again to a well-remembered old one. Match the perfume with cologne and other products, so that the fragrance will linger longer.

Suggested perfumes are :

FOR THE YOUNG. *Coty's* " Muguet des Bois " ; *Worth's* " Lilas " ; *Atkinson's* " Sweet Pea " ; *Patou's* " Amour Amour " ; *Elizabeth Arden's* " Blue Grass."

FOR THE OLDER WOMAN. *Weil's* " Chinchilla " ; *Chanel's* " Gardenia " ; *Worth's* " Jasmin " ; *Atkinson's* " Bal des Fleurs " ; *Coty's* " Four Seasons Cologne " ; *Yardley's* " Lavender " ; *Charles of the Ritz's* " Moss Rose."

FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL. *Piguet's* " Visa " ; *Chanel's* " Bois des Iles " ; *Weil's* " Bambou " ; *Lancome's* " Flèches " ; *Lentheric's* " Tweed " ; *Morny's* " French Fern."

FOR THE BLONDE. *Christian Dior's* " Miss Dior " ; *Worth's* " Je Reviens " ; *Patou's* " Joy " ; *Dana's* " Canoe " ; *Hartnell's* " In Love " ; *Schiaparelli's* " Shocking " ; *Guerlain's* " Mitsouko."

FOR THE BRUNETTE. *Dorothy Gray's* " Midnight " ; *Lancome's* " Trésor " ; *Dana's* " Emir " ; *Rubinstein's* " Noa Noa " ; *Steiner's* " Mink " ; *Hudnut's* " Gemey " ; *Piguet's* " Bandit."

FOR THE SOPHISTICATED. *Chanel's* " Cuir de Russie " ; *Dior's* " Diorama " ; *Molyneux's* " Magnificence " ; *Balmain's* " Jolie Madame " ; *Jacques Fath's* " Fath de Fath."

FOR THE SUPER-SOPHISTICATED. *Dana's* " Tabu " ; *Patou's* " Moment Supreme " ; *Lelong's* " Sirocco " ; *Picot's* " Le Train Bleu " ; *Coty's* " Emeraude " ; *Marcel Rochas'* " Femme."

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (contd.)

Elegant Economy

GLEAMING satin, in red and other shades, for a gay party dress, with a full skirt, falling from the lowered waist-line. The snugly-fitting bodice has a wide neckline and three-quarter sleeves. Price 8½ gns., from Fenwick's, New Bond Street. Evening sandals and jewellery from Dickins and Jones.

Beauty gift cases
7½ gns. to 10/6

Gift cases for men 52/2 to 10/-

Flair 76/6 to 31/6

Starred for your special friends . . .

Lavender gift cases
78/9 to 12/6

'Bond Street' gift cases
37/6 to 17/9

Ring the bell this Christmas! Send 'something from Yardley' and bring genuine delight to everyone. These are only a very few of the marvellous gifts and gift cases ready for you to choose. They're such a pleasure to buy — and so kind to your budget.

Crystallised Lavender 6/11

Crystallised colognes:
Orchis and 'Bond Street' 7/6
Freesia 6/11

YARDLEY

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

As much a delight to the eye as the appetite : one of Mrs. Payne's beautifully-garnished Christmas presentation platters. (See *article*.)

FROM childhood's days Christmas is synonymous with parties, but for most adults parties of one sort or another, for business or pleasure, have become an integral part of life all the year round. A good party very rarely just happens; it may appear to, but any successful host or hostess has, in fact, devoted much energy and thought to the organisation beforehand. If you want to spare yourself all this hard work (and hard work it certainly is) and yet be certain that your party is all that a good party should be, I recommend you to get in touch with Mrs. Payne, a Party Specialist in Knightsbridge, who will do everything for you, and by everything, I mean every detail bar choosing your guests for you! No party is too big or too small to receive individual attention, but, of course, the longer notice you can give the happier it is for all concerned. Among Mrs. Payne's specialities are Theatre Platters—food to make a gourmet's mouth water—so beautifully garnished and decorated that they are also a delight to the eye (see illustration). These platters can be delivered to any address in London, within reasonable distance, their contents ready to be eaten as a light supper before the theatre.

* * *

FED-UP with the vagaries of our English summers, you may have decided to take your holiday in mid-winter and go to Switzerland, Austria, Norway, or elsewhere for some ski-ing. If this is to be your first venture, or you want to limber-up, it is a good idea to attend classes at a dry-ski school in London. It is wiser to spread the lessons over some weeks rather than confine them to a short period immediately before your holiday. This season Lillywhites, where the classes are held, have introduced a special Beginners' Class each evening (at 5 p.m.), intended for those with no previous experience of ski-ing. There are other classes, given by Miss Anni Maurer, a well-known Swiss skier and expert instructress, which consist of instructional exercises. The classes are being held each weekday evening until the middle of February. For parents who wish to take their children for a winter sports holiday, but are dismayed at the cost of equipping them, Lillywhites provide a popular ski-hire service. For a moderate sum an outfit consisting of skis, edges, bindings, sticks and ski boots can be hired for a period of three weeks.

Is there a fisherman in the house? A neat little gadget for dealing with stiff screw-locking ferrules on fishing rods—the Brown-Robertson Lock Joint Tool in action. (See *description in article*.)

* * *

SOME of the most attractive porcelain that I have seen in the shops recently is the lovely Royal Worcester gold and silver lustre ware. Apart from tea and coffee services, there is a large range of dishes designed for really hard use. Each piece is guaranteed against oven breakage, and the dishes will neither chip nor craze (e.g., get covered in unsightly cracked lines). They retain their clear white interior even after years of use. The joy of these dishes is that they can be used in the oven, or on top of the stove, and then be taken straight to the table where their appearance is an adornment even to the most formal dinner-party. The younger generation who don't know this lustre ware, find it hard to believe that it isn't too good to be used for cooking. A special book of recipes for use with the lustre ware has been written by Georgie Rodgers, of the Grosvenor School of Cookery, and a copy will be sent free to anybody who cares to write to me for one.

* * *

A NEW slicer from the Continent seems to be versatility itself; it slices, chips and shreds fruit and vegetables in a multitude of ways. It incorporates a straight-edged blade and a corrugated one; the former is adjustable by means of a screw, so that slices of any thickness may be obtained. The straight blade has a serrated portion which facilitates the cutting of soft- and hard-skinned fruit such as oranges, lemons and tomatoes. The corrugated-edged blade is used to give a waffle or trellis cut, for dicing vegetables, or for making potato chips.

* * *

IS there a fisherman in the house? If there is I suspect that he has had recourse to strong language at some time or another when coping with stiff screw-locking ferrules on his rods. A Glasgow firm has a neat little gadget just for coping with this problem. It is the Brown-Robertson Lock Joint Tool (see illustration), which can be used to assemble and dismantle screw-locking ferrules on rods. The tool has a number of recesses on it to suit different sizes of ferrule; the notch is fitted over the hook and rotated either to tighten or loosen the ferrule. This gadget is particularly valuable for fingers which are numb with cold at the end of a day's fishing, and it also prevents the straining of cane sections with a tight joint, since the leverage exerted by the tool bears directly on the metal ferrule, and no twist is imparted to the rod itself.

* * *

IF you cook on an electric stove, I envy you more than I can say, though, up to now, I've been quite content with my gas-stove. The reason for my envy is that now you can buy a wonderful device which automatically switches your stove on and off when you want it to. If you are going to be out all day you prepare the food and leave it in the oven and set the Auto-Timer, and if you are returning, say, at 7 p.m. and the dish will take an hour to cook, you just set the switch for 6 p.m., and as you walk into the kitchen the cooker will switch off, and there is your meal all ready for you. The unit, which is suitable for operation on A.C. mains only, is quite surprisingly inexpensive.

How Much It Costs and Where To Find It.

Party catering : price list from Mrs. Payne : Presentation platters, garnished and seasonably decorated, from 2 gns., for four people ; Mrs. Payne (Party Specialists), 5, Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, S.W.3. Telephone : Kensington 5271.

Dry Ski School Classes : course of six lessons, 21s. ; Lillywhites Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1. For times of evening classes, and to make your appointment, telephone Whitehall 3181.

Ski-Hire for children : £3 3s. for three weeks ; plus a deposit of £7 which is returnable.

Royal Worcester Gold and Silver Lustre Ware : examples of prices are—oval casserole, 17s. 6d. ; round casserole, 20s. 9d., etc. ; John Lewis ; Peter Jones.

Universal Slicer : 15s. 6d. ; Robert Jackson ; Selfridges ; Fortnum and Mason.

Brown-Robertson Lock Joint Tool : 4s. 3d. post paid ; Wm. Robertson and Co. (Fishing Tackle), Ltd., 27, Wellington Street, Glasgow, C.2.

The Metalform Auto-Timer : £7 10s. ; from Metalform Ltd., 258, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, or through your local Electricity Board.

Curtain up on 'Terylene'

by LADY ASHTON
Professor, School of Fashion Design, Royal College of Art.

EVERY WOMAN among us will have her own several reasons for welcoming the dramatic new fibre 'Terylene'.

'Terylene' is a synthetic, or man-made, fibre. The word synthetic is apt to suggest something rather cold and chemical; so let me quickly say that one of the joys of 'Terylene' is its warm, friendly, "natural" feel. A quality unique in synthetics, in my experience.

'TERYLENE' THE STRONG

Marry to this quality a really amazing strength, and you begin to realise how 'Terylene' is likely to affect your life. 'Terylene' fabrics are remarkably resistant to wrinkling, creasing, bagging and sagging. They are just as strong wet as dry. What a boon 'Terylene' will be to women who hate mending (and who doesn't?).

'TERYLENE' THE VERSATILE

'Terylene' has two quite different forms. One makes "woolly" materials; materials that look and feel like barathea, flannel, worsted and so on, embodying the strength and resilience of a modern synthetic.

The other form of 'Terylene' makes fine or "silky" materials, voiles, shirtings, laces and taffetas, wonderfully fragile and glamorous-looking—but oh so tough when it comes to washing and wearing.

In these two forms 'Terylene' will bring you a variety of lovely long-wearing clothes—from swim-suits to twin-sets, from corsets to coats.

THE CARE OF 'TERYLENE'

To keep 'Terylene' clothes looking their best they should be washed frequently like all your other nice things. Don't wait till they're really dirty. This, and an occasional touch with a cool iron is about all that is needed to keep them in perfect trim. (And they almost never need mending!)

BUYING 'TERYLENE'

Today 'Terylene' clothes and fabrics are hard to find. Soon, however, the big new factory will be completed and after that 'Terylene' will begin to enter into—and glamorise—every aspect of your life.

'TERYLENE'
Polyester ICI Fibre

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

TT18

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

Good Times Are Just Around the Corner

FAR be it from me to look the gift horse in the mouth, but what a song and dance there has been about the new traffic lights system in Oxford Street, switched into operation by the Minister of Transport himself. It is a queer state of affairs when it is considered of sufficient import for the Minister to perform this function for what is, after all, a petty scheme. All this fuss (and £37,000) for the speeding-up of traffic along little over a mile of street, and a gain of about one mile per hour, so that the trip still takes ten minutes. At this rate, what will happen when one of the larger schemes like the West London exit is finished? I expect a national holiday at least!

I am cheered by the mention of roads in Her Majesty's Speech from the Throne at the opening of this new Session of Parliament. "*My Ministers have decided to embark upon an expanded programme of road construction. . . .*" Now we will sit back and watch, with as many prods as we can muster between us.

The British Roads Federation has issued another of its most admirable books, *Modern Roads for Britain.* This makes it quite clear that both men and materials are available and that the civil engineering industry has modern plant of sufficient size to make tremendous strides with the job once the "go ahead" signal has been given. The B.R.F. also supports the principle of road loans, on the lines of any other loan for capital expenditure, such as electricity, coal or education. Since the Government have now indicated their awareness of the need for great road improvements, they have no further excuses. So let it all begin, with the urgency of a national problem of the highest magnitude.

"Tied Houses"

THERE are all manner of portents to indicate that we motorists are in for a slightly better time. Apart from the chance of better roads, the firms that serve us are out to capture our good will in a big way.

It is reported that the great Shell concern is to go into the garage business, and will take over garages or build new ones and run them on the lines of pubs under the brewers. That is, Shell will put in tenants. Such garages will be answerable to Shell for all they do, and thus there will be no doubt about the quality of the service given to motorists.

We may then expect the sort of petrol-station service that we had for a short spell when the petrol grades and brands returned. You know—clean overalls, quick, polite service, screen cleaning, and a general anxiety to please. It's all been rather smothered by new dirt since then, hasn't it?

What one petrol firm does, the others will follow. So in the future we can hopefully look for an all-round improvement in servicing.

A SPILL IN SOUTH INDIA: Mr. Kenneth Seaton, who is making a trip from Birmingham to Sydney, Australia, in his Austin-Healey, sends this photograph to our Motoring Correspondent. His car went adrift in South India, but, once righted, made the journey to Colombo, where it was renovated in thirty-eight hours, a remarkably speedy repair job.

A Plan for Repairs

A SERVICE voucher plan is announced by the British Motor Corporation for all the cars they make: i.e., Morris, Austin, Wolseley, Riley and M.G. This plan is designed to preserve the car, and it covers all the necessary servicing jobs in the vital first 12,000 miles of its life. The jobs to be done are printed on the vouchers and thus remind the proud, if forgetful, owner that attention is required. Beyond that, it serves as a record of what has been, in fact, carried out. And the total servicing charges over the 12,000 miles amount to £14 14s., or less than six shillings per week over a year: since a good many people take longer than that to do 12,000 miles, it is pretty cheap.

The results of this will be that the car is kept in better condition (good for both owner and maker alike), and that there is positive proof for any buyer of a second-hand car within that mileage that the car has been taken care of since it was new. All very valuable and welcome and another indication of the way in which motorists should be courted for the favour of their custom.

Across the World

I WROTE some time ago about a friend who has set out in an Austin-Healey to drive from Birmingham to Sydney, Australia. He must be almost there by now, but when I heard from him from Perth some two weeks ago, he had just about had enough, and said he would be glad when the trip was over. His co-driver had been compelled to leave him for business reasons, so Mrs. Seaton had flown out to her husband in Bombay, taking twenty-four hours over what had taken him six weeks or more.

Kenneth Seaton tells me his car has aroused a great deal of interest wherever he has been. In Persia, a mob surrounded the car and seemed to be about to turn it over, but it appeared that they merely wanted to see what it looked like underneath!

From Bombay he had a pleasant run, as he puts it. But, one early morning when he was nearing the southern tip of India, he was temporarily blinded by the sun, and went off the road into the river, to take up the position seen in his photograph (*reproduced left*). Luckily, he was near a village, and the local chief engineer from the electric sub-station got the car out in three hours! The car was pulled straight, and, as the steering was undamaged, he went on to Colombo. There the car was taken to the local Austin distributors. They repaired and rechromed and repainted in thirty-eight hours. And Seaton comments on the chances of getting that done here at home! (I make no comment at all.) Anyway, that put Seaton and the car ready for the remaining 1700 miles, including 800 miles of desert.

I think the only note in Seaton's letter that conjures up any envy on my part is his final sentence: "Have been on beach to-day at Rockingham. Glorious weather."

Coping with Fog

MENTION of the weather reminds me of the recent fog spell. My home in Gloucestershire is high on a hill, and on several days we had sunshine, but we had only to descend a couple of hundred feet to drop into a thick fog. And I found the standard of fog-driving very bad indeed.

Without boasting, I may say that I am as good in fog as most; that is the result of many years living in the Thames Valley and getting plenty of practice. People dwelling out of normal fog belts do not get that practice, and it comes as a shock when they meet with fog. And they find that these double-dip headlamps make matters worse than ever. I do believe in a fog lamp, set as low as possible and beamed on to the kerb a few yards ahead. If the mounting can be swivelled, the light can then be set to suit the particular density of fog. A yellow bulb cuts down glare, and, with a screen that opens, one can get along really quite well. Modern cars are not well-suited to this sort of thing; again I blessed my old pre-war model.

Untrained Drivers

COUNTRY people unaccustomed to fog are not the only people who get caught out in such circumstances. There are at the moment no fewer than 1,200 new cars registered every day! A staggering number. And that means that a good many new drivers take the road, too. Not necessarily the same number, of course, but nothing like that number of cars is being scrapped. And these new drivers, having passed their test and done their learning in reasonable weather and daylight, are sunk when fog, or snow and ice, or any other of the natural hazards of motoring come their way. I don't know what can be done to help them. But they should do their best to get out in the car for a practice drive under as many varied conditions as they can.

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make it this way

Two-thirds Martini Sweet
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Shake or stir well with ice.
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the best of the light ales

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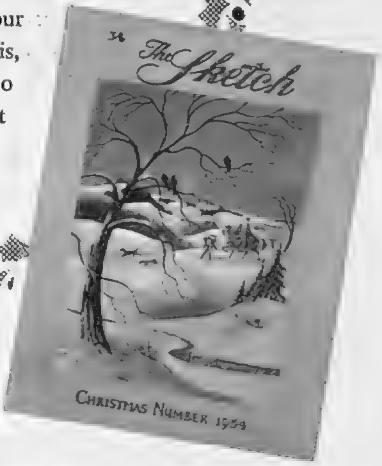
good idea for that last-minute gift !

Christmas is drawing near and *still* there are one or two can't-think-what-to-give items on your Christmas shopping list. May we suggest the colourful Christmas Number of The SKETCH ? Full of gaiety, it will provide hours of relaxation with a galaxy of colour plates, good humour and seasonal reading. It is, indeed, a happy way to solve those last-minute gift and greeting problems.



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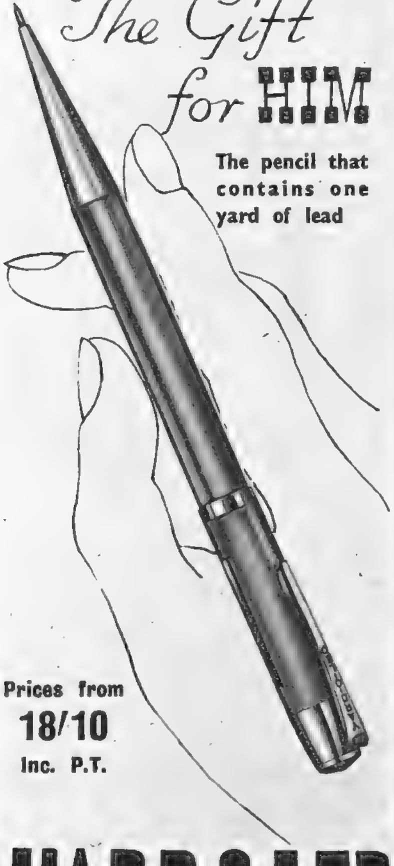
The pencil that contains one yard of lead



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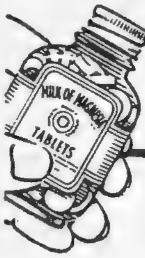

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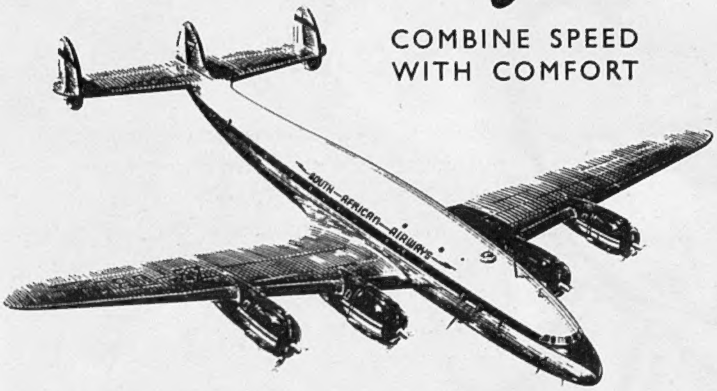

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"Last year, Mr. Gerald, I won the Permanent Wave. Just my luck, sir."

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"I would much prefer the Case of Rose's Lime Juice. During the party season, sir, it would be so useful to us both — in different ways."

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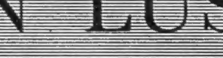

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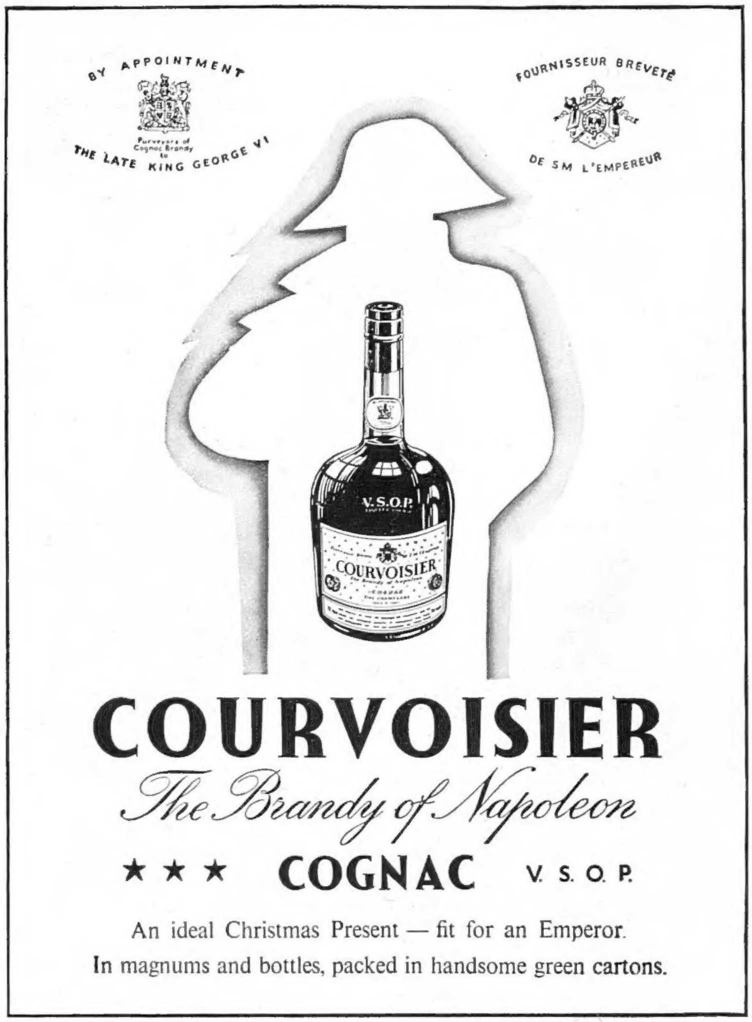
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